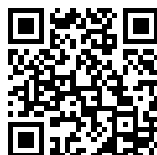

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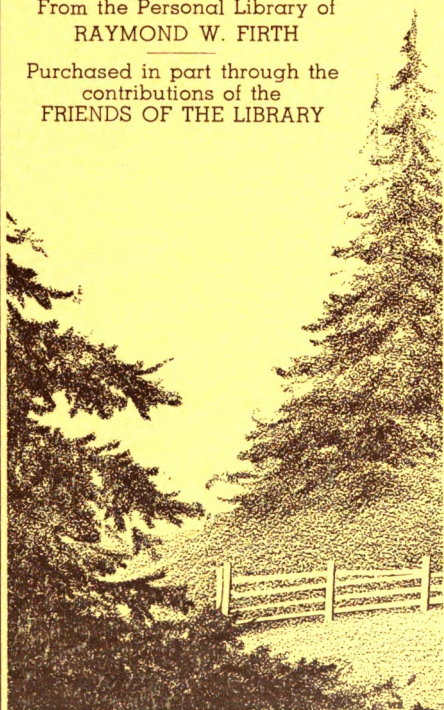


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**HISTORY OF AND GUIDE
to the
WANGANUI RIVER**



MAORI TYPES: Tattooed.



MAORI TYPES: Woman and Child.

History of and Guide to the Wanganui River

By T. W. DOWNES.

..

With Preface by J. H. Burnet

Wanganui, N.Z. :
Printed by the Wanganui Herald Newspaper Company, Limited.
1921.

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PREFACE



THE Wanganui River Domain Board is fortunate in having Mr. T. W. Downes, the historian of "Old Whanganui," to write a guide book to its historic River. He is the Domain Board Ranger, and his business is on the river, and by far the best man of the very few who can put us in touch with the only unspoiled fragment of Stone Age folk now existing that are in any way blood relations of our own. For it has been long established that the Maori has quite a strong strain of Aryan blood.

Mr Downes has much more to say of this extremely interesting river people than of the magnificent and grand river scenery, of the shooting of exciting rapids, of the fern-clad hanging cliffs, and the falling cascades, and lesser water falls that drop from the lateral tributaries into the deeper trough of the main river. The marvellous double and triple reflections in the still river reaches, which, owing to the quality of the light in the gorges, and the background of river bed are beyond compare. Of these rare beauties the writer has little to say, he wisely leaves the traveller to discover them for himself. The artist has to be found to do them fair justice.

He at once proceeds to introduce us to a small community of Neolithic folk, such as our British ancestors were three of four thousand years ago. The most interesting of small people in the world completely isolated and cut off by impenetrable bush—their only road the river. Himself knowing the Maori, and enjoying the fullest confidence of the Tangata Whenua, he looks at their ancient myths and legends from the same point of view, or at any rate nearer to it than the ordinary Pakeha can get, and so he is entrusted with stories of Taniwha, Maeroero, and old tribal history that the native will never dream of communicating to his most intimate white friend, for the Maori is very much afraid of being made fun of. Highly intelligent, and not at all acquainted with the white man of a scientific turn of mind, is sure himself that his Pakeha friends only laugh at such foolishness.

Strange as it may appear, the Polynesian Maori is really related to the people of Western Europe, tho' the time of the hiving off was long, long ago, certainly thousands of years—long before

the age of metals, before even the invention of pottery, before the polished stone age had reached its peak. After the separation we find both branches making further advancement in stone tools and weapons. The Western branch improves its stone axe by drilling the eye longitudinally for the haft, while the furthest flung, oldest of Polynesians, invent the beautiful and effective mere, and progress so far as to be able to cut and curve the toughest Jade for ornaments for his woman kind. The stone drill, the methods of cooking with heated stones in his earth ovens (*hangi*), his fish traps, nets, hooks, kits, and probably his garden tools, are still common to both, and have never been improved upon. To this day the eel baskets and fishing nets are the same in British and New Zealand waters, the only difference between the Limerick hook and the Maori is that the former is tempered steel, and the latter bone from the tibia of some departed enemy; the idea and the pattern is precisely the same.

We are privileged for a brief period to look upon society as it existed with us some three or four thousand years ago. Thanks to Mr. Downes you get the story of The Maeroero (*ogre*), the Tane-wha (*water demon*), the Ngarara (*dragon*), and other myths, echoes of which obtain in the folk lore of Europe still.

You get a glimpse of many unsuspected virtues—his great pride of race; his chivalry, comparable with that of Prince Arthur's Knights; his bravery in war; his skill as fisherman, and hunter of the small-fry, native to the forests of Aotea Roa. The huge and clever earthenworks thrown up for defences on every strategic position on both banks of the great river—Of the marvellous and complicated laws of Tapu created by his ancestors for the preservation of his race. Mr. Downes will tell you something of all these.

Few people know that the old time Maori possessed a much better knowledge of some things than the man in the street does to-day. His knowledge of astronomy was such, that with the stars for a guide he ventured on voyages of thousands of miles over the lonliest and largest ocean on the Globe, and with certainty made his landfall with small margin of error. He visited as far away as Easter Island (*Rapanui*), and many of these place names from the North and East you find used again as place names on the Wanganui River. He had names for far more stellar objects than we have (outside astronomical circles, of course), and many stories he tells in connection with them. One constellation he uses to test the sight of his children. Unless they could see seven, their eyesight was not good. Few of his Pakeha friends can see more than five.

In the forest he has a name for every plant, small and great, and an excellent acquaintance with the properties of every growing thing—as Naturalist on land or water, nothing escapes his notice, and his knowledge is wonderful and accurate.

What a monotonous, dull struggle for existence the old time Maori must have had. The only mammals a very small native rat, and perhaps two or three bats; fish in variety and plenty on the coast; birds and eels inland; fernroot, and later Kumara, Taro, Karaka Berries, which were comparatively recent introductions. So recent that the voyages in quest of them are still told, full of detail, and compare for interest if not length with Jason's quest of the Golden Fleece. Is it strange that he ate his enemies? Probably our ancestors did the same. He had little indeed that the northern peoples had in the way of food—neither milk, meat, grain, nor pulse—and only the memory of the tropical fruits he once enjoyed on his way to this Britain of the South. Verily the country was no paradise for the mothers and children, though doubtless the hard training was necessary to produce the hardy race of warriors Captain Cook found here a hundred a fifty years ago. And the old spirit is still alive, for every Maori boy on the River cheerfully went off to fight in the Great War, and acquired fresh Mana on the fields of Flanders.

The Maori is not in any way our inferior in intelligence—as a matter of fact the brain capacity of the average native is slightly higher than the modern Londoner. You sometimes find him in charge of the very complicated internal combustion engines used on the river boats; he takes great pride in them, and always keeps them beautifully clean. His children easily hold their own in competition with ours at school indeed they are generally more apt.

We have given him a much needed higher standard of living, and a tremendous advance in technical and scientific knowledge. But, on the other hand, we have taught him vices he ever dreamt of, and infected him with a hundred diseases quite new to him. Even the common colds, we hardly notice ourselves, were unknown before the Pakeha came, while such complaints as measles, scarletina, etc., etc., scarcely looked upon us as serious, through the immunity bought by a thousand generations of experience, find the Maori virgin soil and prove most deadly. It is this, and not his fondness for battle that has depopulated the River Valley and turned it into one huge graveyard. Some of the deserted kainga Mr. Downes speaks of, I have seen carrying a population of four to five hundred people, while their canoes could be counted by the hundred on the

waters of the River, and that not 40 years ago. They are practically gone—another generation and even the memory may be lost. In Richard Taylor's time a moderate estimation of the population of the Valley was 25,000 to 30,000; to-day the Maori cannot muster a thousand strong, and this in spite of the honest efforts of the New Zealand Government to protect and preserve them.

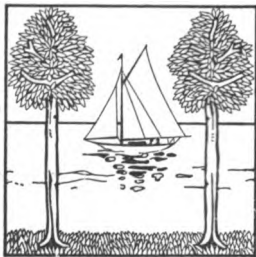
Let us encourage Mr. Downes to rescue all he can of the myths and fairy tales, the Taniwha and the Ngarara, for soon they will be no more.

In the meantime the River Domain Board will preserve to the utmost of its limited resources the ancient Pa and the places of historic interest, and will make them more accessible.

This season a start is being made to reclothe some of the banks of the lower River, unwisely or carelessly stripped of the native forest, and with the steady sympathetic effort of both races it will be made more beautiful and instructive even than it is to-day.

J. H. BURNET,

Chairman of the Domain Board.



TAUMARUNUI.

HISTORY OF AND GUIDE TO THE WANGANUI RIVER.

(By T. W. Downes.)

Taumarunui is practically the centre of what is known as the King Country, so named on account of having been reserved to the Maoris under their native King, . Within its area are the three great mountains—Tongariro, Ruapehu, and Ngauruhoe, whose snow-clad peaks stand out as landmarks for many hundreds of miles. Several large rivers take their rise from the slopes of these mountains, of which the Wanganui is the most picturesque and interesting; its course is a westerly one until it junctions with the Ongarue, when it takes a southerly direction. The confluence of these two rivers is the meeting-place of three provinces—Auckland, Wellington and Taranaki, and here it is that Taumarunui is situated, 174 miles from Auckland, 252 miles from Wellington, and by rail to Wanganui 170 miles.

Taumarunui is a town of mushroom growth, for it was little more than a Maori village when the Main Trunk Line formation reached Ongarue, about the year 1900, and the first sale of land leases took place in 1904. From that date till now, chiefly owing to the great timber industry, farming and the ever-growing tourist connection, the growth has been steady, till now it ranks with the foremost of New Zealand's inland towns.

It is said by the Maori that the place was given the name it now holds several generations ago, when a great chieftain, whose name was Piki-kotuku (Feather of the heron), was dying. As he lay breathing his last in the heat of the summer sun, he desired his people to erect a taumarumaru or screen to shelter him from the burning rays. The people immediately set to work and erected a huge wall, but it was of little use to the dying man. He departed to the spirit world with the word "Taumarunui" (a huge screen) on his lips, and in memory of the incident the place was so named.

How the river came into existence (Native legend): Long before the Maori came to these shores the gods held possession of the land. Several of these mighty beings stood in a group for untold centuries

till one day Taranaki attempted to carry off Pihanga, the wife of Tongariro. Up till this time the mountains had lived together with their families around them in firm friendship, but this treacherous behaviour on the part of Taranaki caused a conflict, and in the battle that ensued he was worsted, as he deserved to be, and fled down to Wanganui, drawing the furrow behind him, through which the river now flows. He then fled along the coast till he found rest and peace in the solitary loneliness where he now stands under the name of Mount Egmont.

STORY OF EARLY RIVER NAVIGATION

For many generations the Maori used the river as his great highway to the interior, branching off at old tracks (some of which are still in existence) to old pa, kainga, or cultivating grounds. Sometimes on peaceful errands, but often with blood lust in his heart, for this brown, straight-limbed and haughty warrior loved and lived for fighting, and was ready to take distant journeys with this intent on the least provocation. Travellers will notice that on many of the perpendicular faces there are numerous holes sloping at the same angle up-stream. These have been worn out of the rock by many generations of polers patiently pushing their heavy canoes up-stream by means of a stout pole, called by them a "toko." There were in the old days hundreds, if not thousands of these canoes, for the most part cut out of a single log, on the river, and it was a pretty and interesting sight to see the numerous Natives, often clad in their bright-coloured garments, but sometimes with little else but a good tattoo and a broad smile, drifting along the quiet reaches, or exerting themselves to the utmost on a stiff rapid. Unhappily, the picturesque canoe with its full freight of brown men, happy and pretty women, children, dogs, and eel pots is no longer in evidence. The stone walls built on the rapids, the ever-decreasing population, and the fast disappearing canoe all tend towards travelling by the white man's fire-boat, and 'ere long the very pole marks themselves will also be obliterated by the constant action of flood-water and driftwood.

About the year 1880 the New Zealand Government decided to undertake the navigation of the Wanganui River, with the intention of placing State-owned steamers thereon. Properly equipped punts were built and snagging parties engaged, but some agitation against the scheme resulted in a private company being formed and a steamer called the Tuhua being built and placed on the river. She proved a failure. The company was wound up, and the

boat was eventually lost in a vagrant channel near Karatia, where her bones may still be seen during the summer low-water months.

In 1890 Mr Hatrick offered the Government to run a weekly steamer service to Pipiriki. A small subsidy was granted, the Wairere was built, costing about £4,500, and from then till now this brave little vessel pushes her way through flood, rapid, and shallow to Pipiriki and back, a distance of about 112 miles. The Wairere was originally 100 feet long by some 14ft beam, but she was afterwards lengthened 15 feet, and took up her weekly contract to Pipiriki on a Tuesday morning in April, 1892. This service was subsequently, and for a considerable period, increased to five times per week, but eventually reduced to thrice weekly, which has been continued without a break ever since.

After the Wairere the launching of the Manuwai (lately sold), Ohura, Waione, Wakapai, and others, making a fleet of twelve vessels in all, quickly followed. Regarding the enterprise of the company that placed these vessels on the river, it should be remembered that when the Wairere started running there were no white settlers on the river past Raorikia (14 miles up), except those at the Roman Catholic Mission Station at Hiruharama. There was a track, but no road, from Pipiriki to Raetihi; indeed, there was no Raetihi, not even in name. There were no tourists, and navigation was extremely difficult owing to eel weirs being built on the rapids; snags, and broad shallows.

About seventeen years ago it was decided by the company to extend the service right up to Taumarunui. At that time there was not a single white person living on all this long stretch of 90 miles. To-day there are scores of settlers. At first some motor canoes were put into commission at the top end of the river, but the tourist traffic cannot be regarded as having begun till the house-boat was built and sent down the river to be moored at Marae-kowhai, near the mouth of the Ohura. Mr A. S. Laird, of Taumarunui, was the builder of this boat, and Captain Marshall piloted it down to its present station, a distance of 30 miles, without mishap. About the same time Mr T. J. Meredith erected the boarding-house, now known by his name, and as soon as the Main Trunk Line reached Taumarunui a steady stream of tourists set in. Taumarunui is now known all over the world as the starting place for the Wanganui River trip, and many thousands of travellers (judging by the remarks in the visitors' books) retain happy and never-to-be-forgotten recollections of it.

Very few people have any idea of the vast amount of money sunk by the enterprising firm of Messrs Hatrick and Co. in steamers, launches, houseboat, Pipiriki House, cargo sheds, workshops and equipment, and fewer still have any conception of the energy that is required to meet the difficulties that are constantly arising, more especially during the low-water periods.

It is worthy of note and should go far towards ensuring confidence in Messrs Hatrick and Co. and their employees, that on all the three runs, the same captains are in charge, who have been with the firm almost from the inception of the service. These gentlemen know every shallow, rock, and snag and can interpret every ripple and current almost by instinct. They are always pleased to answer enquiries concerning the river and its numerous landings. On the upper run Captain Hape Chase has had many years' experience; the middle section is in charge of Captain J. Tarry; and on the lower, from Pipiriki to Wanganui, Captain K. Stewart or Captain J. Allen is in command.

It was about the time that the Wairere was launched that the late Hon. Mr Ballance secured the passing of the Wanganui River Trust Board Act and created the public body of that name.

About fifteen years ago a second company was formed, known as the Wanganui River Settlers Co., and a steamer known as the Aotea was put into commission, but the venture was not a success and the company very soon had to go into liquidation.

Travelling down stream from Taumarunui to the house-boat, a distance of 30 miles, no less than 90 rapids are negotiated. As the motor boat speeds down the torrent for it is little else) closely shaving the huge erratic boulders that have found their way into the bed of the stream, passengers are filled with admiration at the marvellous skill of the Native steersman who, with sure eye and perfect judgment, shoots swiftly through a labyrinth of these water-worn stones, said by the Natives to be petrified tears of Taranaki's, dropt on the way as he fled to his present home in the west. These rapids are perhaps not very noticeable going down-stream with good water, but in the summer months of a dry season they are extremely difficult to navigate, and as the forest is gradually disappearing from the drainage area (something like 2800 square miles), they are gradually becoming more so, notwithstanding the work of the River Trust, who have several punts and gangs of men constantly attending to and improving the channel.

From Taumarunui to Wanganui, roughly, a distance of 150 miles, there is a fall of 450 feet, but there is a tidal influence felt for about 20 miles, so that the fall is spread over a distance of about 130 miles.

BIRD LIFE ON THE RIVER.

Shag.

Probably the most common is the Cormorant, commonly called Shag, Maori name Kawau. We have 15 species of these in New Zealand; more than in any other country of the world; but the one met with on the river is known as the Black Shag. It is a great fisher, and can remain under water fully half a minute, travelling upwards of 70 yards. A nesting place has been used for many years is the high white pine trees near Te Maire.

The Grey Duck.

The Grey Duck (Parera) is fairly common, and will be noticed in small groups on almost the whole length of the river. The Grey and Black Teal are occasionally seen, and the Blue Mountain Duck (Whio), very seldom.

Kiwi.

In the absence of the Moa, the Kiwi is the most notable living bird in New Zealand, and should be classed among the Dominion's treasures. It does not seem to be common in the bush between Taumarunui and the house-boat, or, at least the writer has never heard its shrill and repeated night call when camping in that portion of the scenic reserve; but from the house-boat right down to Ahuahu, 30 miles from Wanganui, one or two calls can be heard almost every night. Bush fires and pig hunters with their dogs are responsible for a great number of deaths. Wood Hens (Weka) are seldom heard in the interior.

Pigeon.

The beautiful plumage of our Wood Pigeon (Kereru) gives it rank among the most handsome birds of New Zealand. Unfortunately, its flesh is very palatable, and no

legislation seems to prevent the shooting that is constantly going on among Natives, bushmen, and even surveyors. In the late winter, when feeding on leaves, they will sometimes be seen, and also in the summer, tumbling and looping the loop in the pure delight of living; but we greatly fear the days of the Pigeon are numbered.

Bell-bird.

Although the Bell-bird (Kori-mako) is generally reported to be decreasing, it is quite common in the river forests, and is a most charming songster. If the traveller stays overnight at the houseboat in the summer, he will probably be awakened by the soft, liquid melody of these birds, and if he is a lover of Nature, the memory will be a happy one.

Tui.

The Tui, sometimes called the Parson bird, is somewhat larger than the Bell-bird. Its song may be described as a wild burst of joyful notes, and even the whirr of its flight is distinguished by gaiety. It is very plentiful up the Retaruke Valley, and when the kowhai is in blossom can be noted all along the river; at other times and places on the river it cannot be called common.

Fantail.

The pretty little Fantail (Tiwaiwaka) is one of the prettiest and most engaging birds we possess. All along the river, skimming the water for insects and playing among the shrubs, usually in pairs, it will be noticed, and the great numbers indicate that the little creature will always hold its own.

Robin.

The North Island Wood Robin (Toutouwai) is rare; indeed the writer has only observed two near the river, one up the Ohura and one at Retaruke.

Crow.

The North Island Crow (Kokako) is not common as it seems to retreat before the advance of the settler. It is, however, still to be met with on ridges of the back country, where its beautiful song may often be heard. The song is remarkably sweet and plaintive, and is comparable to the notes of an exquisitely played flute.

Grey Warbler.

The little Grey Warbler (Riroriro) is common everywhere, and its sweet note and merry song can be heard all day long in almost any part of the bush.

White-eye or Blight Bird.

This pretty little fellow is very common everywhere. It first came to New Zealand from Australia about 1856, and so became known to the Maori as Tauhou or stranger. It usually travels in small flocks and can easily be distinguished by its bright olive-green plumage, silver rings round the little bright eyes, and ceaseless twittering during its restless movements.

Whitehead.

Whiteheads (Popokatea) are reported as having disappeared from many districts in New Zealand, but are still common in the river forests, where they travel in flocks, making a shrill, short whistle as they pass from tree to tree in their restless movements.

Green Wren.

The little Green Wren, the smallest bird in our forests, is rare in the river bush, but there are numbers of them in the Ohakune forests, towards the Tongariro National Park.

Black and White Tit.

This pretty and cheeky little fellow is common everywhere. He is bold to the extent of impudence, but is friendly and sociable. The female has a quiet grey plumage, and might easily be mistaken for a different bird.

Kingfisher.

The Kingfisher is known to the Maori as Kotare. It can frequently be seen from the river boats sitting on a bough overlooking the water. He seems to be holding his own in the general struggle for existence.

Cuckoo.

The two Cuckoos, Pipiwarauroa the Shining Cuckoo, and Kawekawea, the Long-tailed Cuckoo, are both heard in the summer.

The Shining Cuckoo's note can first be detected about the middle of September, and very soon it can be heard everywhere

and at all times, even in the middle of the night. It is a pretty bird with a distinctive note. It is thought that it winters in and comes from New Guinea.

The Long-tailed Cuckoo is often heard but seldom seen, as it clings closely to branches, and being much the same colour as the bark, is hard to detect. According to the Wanganui Natives, this bird lays one egg only, sometimes in a tree, more often on the ground, from which there emerges in due course without any incubation period a "Perirewa," or spotted lizard. (The markings of this lizard are something like the tail feathers of the bird.) It is supposed to come from the Solomon Islands, but its habits have not yet been satisfactorily traced.

Kaka.

The Kaka, playful, sociable, and noisy. At one time this parrot was common in our forests, but now is seldom seen or even heard. The Parrakeet (Kakariki) is also fast disappearing, and we fear that ere long, like the Huia, Tieke, and Piopio, they will be but a memory in this district.

Hawks.

Both the large Harrier (Kahu) and the small Sparrow Hawk (Ka-rewarewa) can frequently be seen from the river, sweeping over the hills, but the larger is the more common.

Owl.

The Owl or Morepork, as it is usually called (Ruru), is quite common everywhere, and the different calls may be heard both at the houseboat and Pipiriki.

FORESTS.

(Contributed by Mr Gregor McGregor).

The bush fringing the slopes of the navigable portion of the river is exceedingly various in size and colour. From the enormous Rata to the minute varieties of Koromiko, from graceful tree ferns often thirty to forty feet in height to the tiny specimens of ground ferns, carpets of mosses and lichens, with, in places, vast canopies of vines of many varieties almost obliterating the immediate trees and under growth. The flowers are not conspicuous, but there are a few unique and beautiful varieties. The foliage is green in its

many and varying shades. There is but one deciduous, viz., the Koutukutuku (*Fuchsia excorticata*), which in winter is very conspicuous, the leaf being of a golden yellow, showing to great advantage against the dark green foliage of the surrounding bush. The whole gives an effect which in beauty cannot be surpassed and makes the river perhaps the most beautiful in the whole world.

The trees comprise the Rata (*Metrosideros robusta*), one of the most conspicuous, as it generally grows high up on the slopes, steep ridges and spurs, and in the late spring (December) has a red flower, very pretty, and can be seen from a long distance. Kahikatea (*Podocarpus Dacrydiodes*), a tall tree with dark foliage, often growing to over one hundred feet in height. Rimu (*Dacrydium cupressinum*, or *Laxifolium*), also a large and handsome tree with its drooping branches and brown green foliage. When young it is perhaps the most striking of the native trees—certainly the most graceful. Matai (*Podocarpus spicatus*) also when full grown a large tree with dark foliage and generally a clean symmetrical bole. Pukatea (*Laurelia Novae Zelandia*), a large tree which generally grows in a moist situation, with light foliage. From the trunk grow buttresses or flanges, in some cases standing out three to four feet, and generally has a number of epiphytes growing on it, mostly Whara-whara (*Astelia Banksii*).

Tawa (*Beilschmiedia tawa*). This variety perhaps predominates in this district, growing in almost any soil or locality, with exception of the high plateau near the foot hills of Ruapehu. There is nothing striking about this tree, the foliage is of a sombre colour; in the early settlement of the country the wood was used for butter kegs etc. Tawhero (*Weinmannia racemosa*), on the slopes, it does not grow to a great height, has a very dark foliage and a profusion of white, with a slight pink flavour. Tawai (*Fagus Menziesii*), which grows on steep sandstone spurs and ridges, with dark foliage and trunk, commonly called Birch (Beech). One variety (*Fagus fusca*) grows in large numbers in the high altitudes, the timber of which is very strong and durable. Hinau (*Elæocarpus dentatus*) grows generally on ridges and spurs, has a light foliage and very pretty white flowers, much like the Lily of the Valley. From the berry the natives make, or made, a food, of which they were very fond. Miro (*Podocarpus ferrugineus*), a good deal like Matai (*Podocarpus spicatus*); in fact those who have but a slight acquaintance with the bush frequently mistake one for the other. Kowhai (*Sophora tetraptra*), perhaps one of the most striking, and when in bloom, most beautiful, trees on the river. It likes steep

hill sides and spurs. When in flower (August and September) it is a sight not soon to be forgotten, the golden yellow flowers hang in clusters or racemes containing much nectar. The Tui are to be seen often in large numbers sipping the honey.

Karaka (*Corynocarpus lavigatus*), a handsome tree with dark green leaves, to be found generally where the natives have resided and cultivated. The pulpy or outside part of the fruit is edible, but the seed, without being cooked, is poisonous. To cook it the natives gather the fruit (berries) in kits made from green flax (*Phormium tenax*) and place in an oven of super-heated stones, where they are left for twelve to twenty hours, when the kits are taken out and placed in water—generally in running water—for a further twelve hours, when the fruit is fit to eat. It is said to be very sustaining and was largely used in the early days by the natives when on long journeys.. The natives allege it does not belong to the country, but was brought by them in their early migrations. The wood is soft, and when very dry was largely used by them on their wanderings—before the days of matches—for fire sticks.

Mahoe (*Melicytus ramiflorus*) in general it grows in almost any locality or soil; has a light green leaf, with a violet-coloured berry. Rewarewa (*Knightia excelsa*). A very conspicuous tree growing erect and towering above the bush, particularly in parts that have been comparatively lately cultivated. It is a quick grower and bears beautiful dark red flowers. The timber of old trees is much sought after for furniture, having a very pretty grain. Kaiwhiria (*Hedycarya arborea*), found generally in most places; has a dark green leaf, grows symmetrically and bears a profusion of red berries; a useful tree in a shrubbery, as it stands isolation. Tarata (*Pittorporum euginoides*), commonly called lemon tree, from the lemon-like smell of the flowers. A rather striking tree in its very light green foliage; also stands isolation, but like all Pittorporums, is not a long liver, that is, comparatively speaking. An emolient was made by the old time natives from the gum that exudes from the bark of this tree, by mixing with bird or other fats.

Maire (*Olea Maire*); not plentiful, nor does it grow to such a size as on the higher altitudes. The timber is extremely hard and heavy and takes a fine polish. Akerautangi (*Dodonea viscosa*). From an old-time point of view perhaps the most important, as from the wood was made most of the native weapons, being hard as well as tough, and very heavy. Weapons made from the wood of the tree are still plentiful and many which the writer has seen must date

back hundreds of years, and are in a perfect state of preservation. Totara (*Podocarpus totara*). In the upper reaches of the river, more particularly above Taumarunui, the Totara is very plentiful. It is one of the most valuable for milling purposes, both from a joiner's and builder's point of view. It takes a fine polish and is extremely durable. All the canoes used in the southern portion of the Island have been hewn out of trees of this timber, some of them are known to be well over 100 years. Karamu (*Coprosma*), Lucida, Robusta and others. A small tree or shrub growing practically in all localities, has bunches of bright red berries. Houhi (*Hoheria*), or lace bark, a small tree or shrub very general. In early autumn this tree is most conspicuous, being literally covered with beautiful white flowers. Houhou (*Panax arboreum*); a small tree with large green leaves, having clusters of hard black berries. Titoki (*Alectryon excelsum*) grows very symmetrical with a light shining leaf and clusters of red berries with a black seed; extremely pretty. The wood is close in grain and very tough. It is sometimes called New Zealand Oak. Ngaio (*Myoporum laetum*). It may be seen on the steep, more or less, sandy faces, and belongs more particularly to the littoral. The leaves, when slightly withered, if eaten by cattle, especially on an empty stomach, are very poisonous. Pitau or Mamaku (*Cyathea medularis*); tree fern, is perhaps the most striking and most admired of all the trees on the river, with its palm-like leaves and fronds; when growing in groups or patches it is most beautiful. From this tree the natives get a very palatable and wholesome food, by cutting trees of from four to six feet high, stripping off the outer skin or bark and steaming the inside on hot stones (haangi). When cooked it tastes much like baked apples.

Ponga (*Cyathea dealbata*). Not so graceful as Pitau (C.M.); nor does it grow so tall, the under surface of the leaf being white and when blown about by the wind has a pretty effect. Wheki (*Dicksonia squarrosa*), a smaller variety of tree fern, usually growing in moist localities and in clusters. This tree fern is also very durable, and was used largely in building their whare (huts), also store-houses which were built mostly below ground level. Pua-wanaga or Pua-taua (*Clematis indivisa*). A creeper with dark green leaves and bunches of beautiful white flowers. The flowers may frequently be seen on the tops of the highest trees. Pikiarero (*Clematis hexasepala*). A vine in leaf and growth, much like Puataua (C.I.), with flowers much smaller and sweet scented. Kie-kie (*Freyinetia Banksii*). A climber with a flax or lilly-like leaves; adhears

to steep wet banks and cliffs and trunks of trees. To the natives the flowers are a great delicacy; they will climb the highest trees and cliffs to secure them. The roots are extremely tough and are used to make baskets (hinaki) for their eel weirs (patuna), also for their utu (lamprey traps).

Epiphytes are here in large numbers; in fact very many of the New Zealand plants are of an epiphytic habit. Perhaps the most noticeable is the Whara-whara (*Astelia Banksii*); a flax or lily-like plant growing on the large trees and bearing hanging bunches of red berries. Pirita (*Tupeia antarctica*); a parasite which may be frequently seen on many trees. Rama-rama (*Myrtus bullata*); a small tree or shrub, very striking, with reddish brown crinkled leaves much prized by florists. Kareao (*Rhipogonum scandens*), or Supple Jack. A tall climber with knotted stems, which in hollows and gullies grow so thick that it is almost impossible to force one's way through them. The vine is largely used by the natives for tying purposes, being pliable and lasting; has clusters of bright and pretty red berries. Kohia (*Passiflora tetrandra*); a climber with dark green shining leaves; flower inconspicuous, but with orange-coloured fruit hanging in masses, often twenty to thirty feet. This vine, with the Kareao (R.S.), Clematis, Tataramoa (*Rubus australis*) and others, particularly in low situations, make an impenetrable mass and climbing up and over the tops of the surrounding bush, the whole becomes a veritable tangle. Taunoka (*Carmichaelia*); sometimes called Native broom. A very tough shrub growing on the river banks, often close to the waters edge, has a small pea-like violet flower. Koromiko (*Veronica*); there are many varieties of this plant, a number of them growing on the steep banks and cliffs; all have pretty flowers of various colours. Mako (*Aristotelia racemosa*)! a small tree growing in most localities with pink and white flowers and clusters of small grape-like berries, often called wine berry.

Leptospermum Scoparium.—The Manuka or Tea-tree as it is sometimes called, is perhaps the most common plant in New Zealand, covering thousands of acres in many districts, and most of the old native river clearings. Although common it bears profusely most beautiful flowers and as it is in blossom in some localities nearly all the year round, it cannot fail to be admired. The flowers are usually white, but some varieties are pink and even red, and it may truthfully be said that the manuka is equal in floral display to many high-prized garden shrubs. A variety known as Leptospermum Ericoides (Kopuka) grows into a much bigger tree than the manuka

often up to two feet in diameter. It is from this wood that the paddles and canoe poles used by the natives was usually made.

Coriaria ruscifolia.—Generally known by its Maori name, Tutu, is common all along the whole length of the river banks. The usual form of the plant is a bush with long flexible branches growing direct from the root. The seeds of the fruit and the young shoots of the plant are poisonous, but the Maoris used the fruit juice for mixing with their foods, and it is said that a rich wine can also be made from the fruit.

Brachyglottis (Rangiora).—About October this plant is quite a feature in the landscape, with its great masses of small white flowers and large paper-like leaves.

Rhopalostylis Sapida (Nikau).—The only representative of the palm family in New Zealand. Not numerous, but quite distinctive, standing out as a reminder of the tropics, usually solitary, but always graceful.

A great many other trees and shrubs can be noted from the river, but perhaps enough have been briefly described to create some interest, for however little the average city person may know about the plant life of this country, few there are, colonist or visitor alike, who cannot raise some enthusiasm regarding the "bush," as the forest is usually called. To nearly all it is a delight—the stately trees, the strange flowers, the beautiful birds, and above all, the wealth of ferns throw out an appeal that is hard to ignore. In passing it should be noted that this forest is a unique production of isolated nature found in no other land, and has therefore many claims to be considered as one of the Dominion's priceless possessions.

THE JOURNEY DOWN STREAM.

Leaving the boat landing at Taumarunui, the Ongarue is confined in a very narrow channel until the junction with the Wanganui is reached—left bank. The delta of the Wanganui forms an island, formerly known as Ngahuinga, but now Winter's Island. A short distance below this we come to the first rapid, with boulders in channel and a cliff on the left bank. This is known as Ruru-mai-akatea.

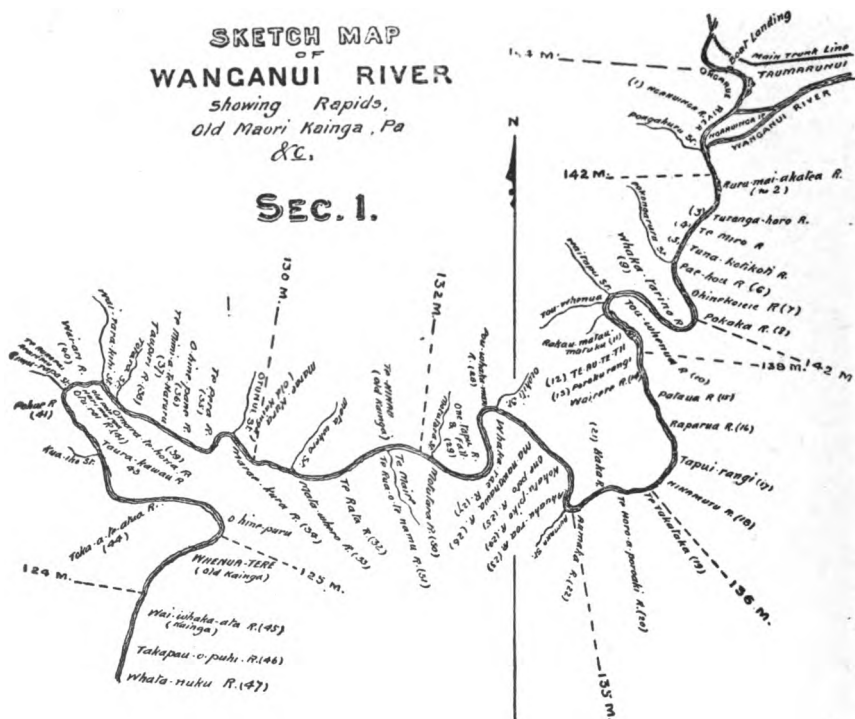
Te Au-te-tii, 139 Miles (from Wanganui).

Te Au-te-tii is one of the worst of the top-end rapids, and has always been a troublesome place, costing the River Trust much time and money. It is a swift run with a sharp turn round heavy

boulders. Formerly river improvements were effected by shingle enclosed in wire netting, forming walls; but these, it was found, would not stand the strain of flood-time timber buffeting, so now they are being replaced by walls built entirely of boulders.

Au-maka, 135 Miles.

There is another swift run here over papa ledges, and there was formerly a fairly large native settlement on the right bank called Au-maka. These settlements were called Kainga, which means an



unfortified village. The Maori pa was always fortified for defence by ditches and palisading. Remains of these ditches or "manioro," as they are called, shows that a pa also once stood here.

Te Maire, 132 Miles.

A short distance further down we come to two more of these deserted kainga. Te Hinau on the Motutara Stream and Te Maire, on the Te Maire Stream, left bank. It is said by the Natives that Te Hinau was visited when Te Korehu made his up-river raid about 1821, when seven people were killed and eaten, four men and three

women. Formerly a native track left the river at Te Maire, striking towards the East. A very powerful man named Tangi, who died quite recently at a great age, distinguished himself here, as a young man, by killing five opponents in single combat. A stone is shown about half-a-mile back from the river where the bodies of the vanquished were dismembered. To-day the valley land is all taken up, and for some years thousands of sheep have occupied the ancient battlefield and hunting grounds of the Maori. When the writer first went up the river over 30 years ago all these old Kainga were picturesque scenes of Native activity, and the shrill chorus of the Haere-mai welcome as the stranger's canoe came near can never be forgotten. But, alas! gone from the upper river is all that pertains to the old-time Maori; gone is the grand fleet of canoes that carried their complement of 50 to 100 warriors, when warlike occasions demanded, or on peaceful visitations, or food-gathering expeditions. No more does the old-time Native craftsman ply his peaceful arts in river or forest, hewing out his well-designed canoe or carving his wonderfully grotesque figures. He has gone and with him is going the lordly forest primeval, with its dark shadows, its ever changing lights and shades, its noble ratas towering above every bluff and covering the lofty hill sides with sheets of flaming red; and with the trees the birds. But enough—who would hinder these marks of progress?

Matawhero, 130 Miles.

Flying through a series of rushing rapids we pass the Matawhero stream on right bank and shortly afterwards a larger stream called the Otunui falls into the river over a papa ledge on the same bank. Two miles lower down another stream, Rakura, joins the river on the right bank, while the left bank is the site of another deserted kainga formerly known as Harimatia.

Te Aukopae, 128 Miles.

At Aukopae, right bank, a Government road joins the river, and the landing is very freely used by the settlers of the interior receiving and shipping goods. Quite a number of old Kainga sites are now passed in quick succession, but there is little to show of past habitation or cultivation. Here and there a few apple or quince trees still survive amid the thicket of secondary growth that is rapidly obliterating the thatched whare and elevated whata or storehouse, but for the most part even the missionary-planted fruit trees have disappeared. It may be interesting to note that the willow trees which line the banks of the top and bottom ends of the

river were originally cuttings brought over from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena, by one of the early Maori missionaries, the Rev. Richard Taylor.

Whenuatere, 125 Miles.

Teoteo, an old kainga, is passed on the right bank, then Nukunuku on the same side, then Whenuatere, once quite a populous place, containing a finely carved wharepuni or meeting house, on the opposite bank.

Paparoa, 124 Miles.

Paparoa is a very swift rapid between a rocky island and a papa or hard clay ledge on the right bank. This place is very narrow and was formerly almost impassable at low water, but the good work of the River Trust has given an excellent passage under all conditions of water. There is a pretty waterfall at this place on the right bank.

Koiro, 123 Miles.

A mile lower down we pass Koiro, an old kainga, on right bank, with many fruit trees, then two or three others in quick succession, now all quiet and forsaken. Owkata, on right bank opposite a small stream, Oringaputanga. Then Arataua, on left bank, also Ohata, on left bank.

Te Ohu, 121 Miles.

Te Ohu, on left bank, near a small stream of the same name that flows into the river over a papa ledge. Most of these villages were used as food-gathering places for the larger pa, and large quantities of eels, lampreys and birds were collected and preserved at them, while kumara were grown in large quantities on the river flats. At Te Ohu there is a very large rock or islet on the left which still has the reputation of being the home of a taniwha, "water reptile." This rock is very sacred and rejoices in the name of Petipetiaaurangi. The taniwha's name is Tutangatakino, and he lived to quite modern times, and probably still liveth (according to the natives), though his evil influence has not been felt since the pakeha placed his fire boats on the upper reaches. In the old days when the canoes were going up and down the river it was absolutely necessary to stop at this stone and place an offering of a small green branch upon it. If by any chance this custom was neglected the canoes were upset

by the taniwha and all the occupants drowned. The story of this taniwha as given to the writer by an old Taumarunui native was as follows:—Tutangatakino has dwelt at Te Ohu for many generations. It was he who led Turi's canoe from Hawaiki to Patea. He stayed at Patea till the time of Tuhaepo, who was a younger brother to Urumaio, grandson of Turi and Rongorongo, and then took up his abode on the Wanganui River. Now Tuhaepo, who was a very great tohunga or priest, fell in love with a woman named Hine-ruhiruhi, the daughter of Tama-te-kapua, and took her to his home in the Upper Wanganui. After a time he desired to see his people at Patea, so he instructed his wife how to call him should he be required. Hine waited a long time for the return of her husband, but finding he came not, she acted according to his instructions and called out twice, "Tuhaepo, are you coming back? I wish to see you now." Immediately she uttered the words she saw her husband flashing through the air on the taniwha's back. After Tuhaepo arrived on the back of Tutangatakino, he placed his steed in the river, and afterwards whenever he required him for transport he stood upon the rock and called for him. This is how Petipetiaaurangi became tapu or sacred.

As to the taniwha's evil practices, it would take a long time to recite the names of all who have been slain by the monster, therefore one instance alone will suffice. A chief named Kohau was travelling up river by canoe. As he was passing Te Ohu he was observed by Tuhaepo, who called out, "Kohau, you had better come ashore and lay your offerings on the rock, after which you can proceed on your way." Kohau answered politely, in the words of a proverb that meant "it would be better to be drowned by the taniwha than killed by Tuhaepo." Tuhaepo then said: "Very well, Kohau, go your own way." Kohau went his own way. When the canoe reached the next rapid it was upset by Tutangatakino and out of a crew of 19, 15 were drowned. The names of two of the survivors were Pokorua and Oputara.

There is a place called Ngararanui (great reptile) that was also occasionally visited by the same taniwha. He killed several people there as well as at Te Ohu. A man named Te Awaowairua, his wife and party, were all drowned by their canoe being upset by the monster, and they were the last people upon whom he worked his evil habits.

Tutangatakino, said the native narrator, was seen by my father when he was a young man. The creature was about 30 feet long, in shape like a monstrous lizard with a great mouth that could

swallow a man whole. He was much dreaded by the old Maori and even now the natives avoid passing Te Ohu whenever it is possible to do so. So much for Maori beliefs.

The former sites of two more kainga are passed on the left bank. Te Rua-whaka-kainga, on a stream of the same name, and Te Auroa.

Otuiti, 119 Miles.

Then Otuiti comes into view, where there is a landing and a stream of the same name falling over a papa ledge on the right bank, making rather a pretty waterfall. Unfortunately in the summer time many of these streams are almost dry, but after heavy rain the waterfalls are conspicuous and beautiful. There is another at Kokako-riki, a little further down stream, where the water breaks over two ledges, this time on the left bank. Two more old kainga are next passed on the left bank, Te Puha and Pehimahaki. The latter place was the home of the late Capt. Marshall, who for many years was foreman for the River Trust, and here he is taking his long last sleep, overlooking the river he loved so well.

THE OHURA, MARAE-KOWHAI AND THE HOUSEBOAT.

Ohura, 114 Miles.

The Ohura, on right bank, is the largest tributary since leaving the Ongarue. It enters the river as a fall called Ratakura, which in flood time is very fine. There is a much higher fall a hundred yards or so further up this stream, which, however, cannot be seen from the river. It is called Reinga-kokiri; a third, about half a mile higher, is known as Te Rerehape.

All these falls were at one time great fishing places for the natives, who used to journey down from Taumarunui and even up from Pipiriki to catch a very small eel called tuna-riki, that in the summer months made its way up the slippery, perpendicular banks in thousands, if not in millions. To-day the pakeha will find the pool below the lower fall a rather good hole for Rainbow trout; he will also see the little eels squirming up the wet rock faces, but he will look in vain for the old native fishers with their peculiar nets of bundles of fern, for fewer and fewer become the remnant of this formerly numerous people, and yet a little while and their own loved river shall know them no more. Rough tracks will be found leading to all the falls.

There are coal seams cropping out at various places, both on this stream and the Tangarakau, another tributary on the same bank lower down. It seems to be the outer edge of the Mokau coal basin, but it is doubtful if these seams will ever be worked owing to the great cost of transit.

Marae-kowhai.

Marae-kowhai, the old kainga on the flat above the houseboat, was at one time a place of considerable importance, being a stronghold of the Hauhaus during the 60-70 war. One of the two tall totara poles still standing, called "Niu," shows where the war-flags were flown and the people daily marched round in procession chanting their wild incantations or listening to fanatical karakia or prayers. This is the lower or down stream pole. It was erected at the commencement of the war (about 1862), and was known as Rongo-niu. This pole was originally painted with kokowai or Maori paint, which is still quite fresh on the upper part after 60 years of sunshine and storm, and this no doubt has largely assisted towards its fine state of preservation after all these years. The extended arms terminating with open hands pointing to the four points of the compass were carved as an invitation to the Maori warriors living north, south, east and west to join against the gradually encroaching pakeha. The northern or up stream pole (recently painted), although not in such good order as the lower, is the newer, having been erected at the close of the war as an emblem of peace. It is called Riri-kore or the cessation of anger. At least three other poles were erected at various places on the river banks during those troublesome times. One, said to have been the largest of them all, stood at Harimatia opposite Ara-rimu at the Au-kopae landing. This was accidentally burnt down by a spreading bush fire. Another at Koiro has fallen, but is still intact. A third at Upokotouri, near the Retaruke River, is now no longer in evidence, but there is still another on the lower river at Ranana, near the Moutoa Island, that was prepared after the Moutoa fight, but for some reason was never erected. It was cut and named Te Pakira, by Hori Kingi, and as it is still in fair order, may yet be raised to point to one of the most historical spots on the river.

Old Mills.

In the houseboat gardens at the northern corner may be noticed some old totara timbers, and on the flat above among the graves, the remains of mill stones. The story of the mills on the Ohura, of

which these relics are the only sign, as related by an old Maori named Puanaki is as follows: Marae-kowhai, the old kainga below the junction of the Wanganui with the Ohura, was selected by the great chief Te Kere, as being central to the flat cultivating lands of Tawa-ta, Retaruke Valley, Kai-whaka-uka, Pehi-mahaki, Rau-ponga and other places, all of which were, for some years, considerable wheat growing areas. The machinery for the Marae-kowhai mill was granted by the Government, under Sir George Grey, at the request of Father Lampjila, and the Maori brought it up from Wanganui by canoe, or rather canoes, as two and sometimes three had to be lashed together with planks in order to carry the heavy iron work. It was Te Kere's intention to bring the water to the mill by cutting a race from the upper fall, and with this in view the mill was built by the Maori under the supervision of some French priests connected with the Roman Catholic Mission. Although the mill itself was finished and the water race commenced, the mill never ground corn, owing to a dispute that arose between Te Kere and Topine te Mamaku, another well-known chief of the early days, who greatly distinguished himself by his strong antagonism to European settlement. What the dispute was cannot now be ascertained, but it would probably have been settled amicably, for the two chiefs were connected, had not one of Te Kere's men, a "taurekareka," or slave, cursed Topine with one of the most objectionable curses known to the Maori, by saying, "he would burn the skin of Topine's head on a fire and then eat it." A tribal fight ensued, a warfare that existed for several months, and the old fortified pa on the hills near the Houseboat were under fire. It is said that about 300 men, women and children were killed in all at different places, but in such particulars the Maori is rather prone to exaggerate. An account of this fighting will be found under the heading Kirikiri-roa. Thereafter peace was proclaimed, but as much blood had been shed in the dispute the mill was "tapu," and could never be used. So when a second mill was eventually agreed upon by the now reconciled tribes some 7 or 8 years later, new machinery had to be acquired. This fight took place when my informant was a child, and as flintlocks were used it is probable that the affair took place about 60 years ago. Puanaki stated it took place just before Moutoa (1864).

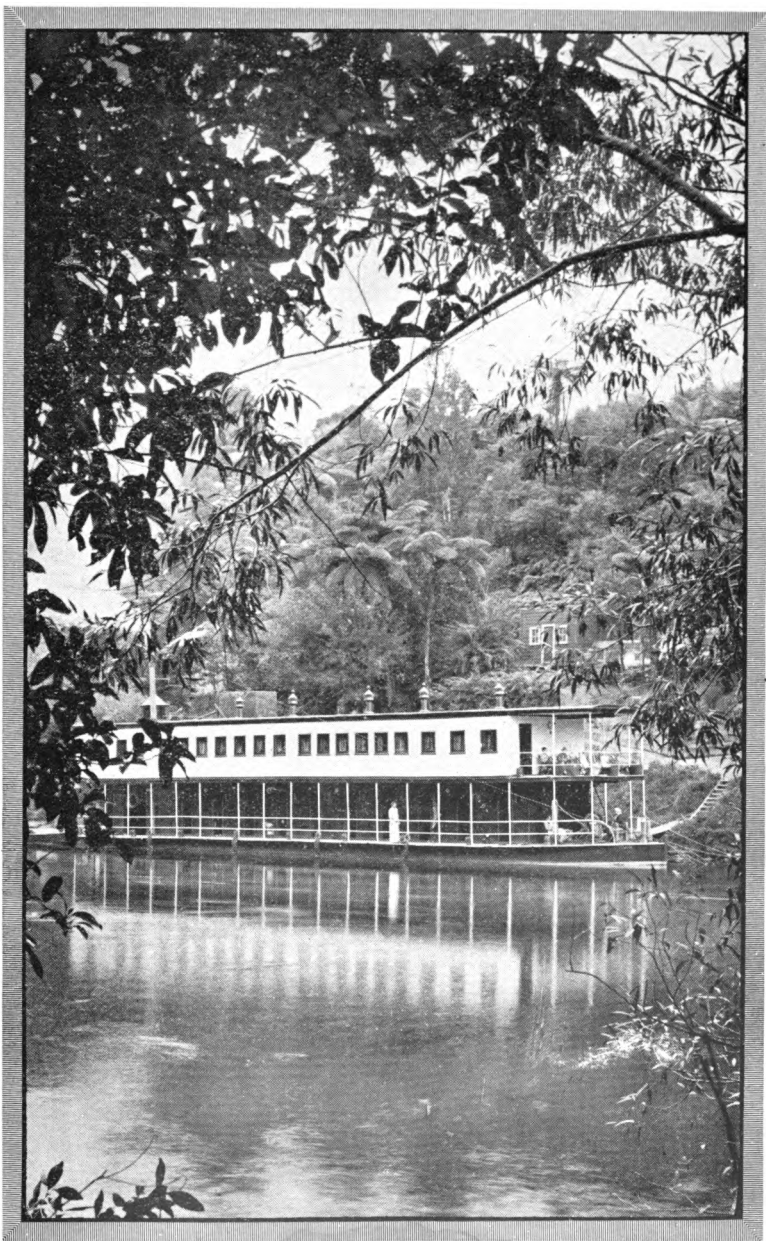
The Hourangi Mill.

The second mill also was destined never to grind corn. It was built about 10 miles up the Ohura Valley, on the Tokarima stream, opposite the old kainga, Kai-kara and Te Aorua. The mill was

fitted with machinery that was also brought by canoes from Wanganui, but this time was purchased by the natives themselves. A man known to the Maori as Mawhata, was engaged to superintend the erection, and he was well on towards the completion of the work when the Maoris discovered, through a European in Auckland, that the man had secretly prepared a plan of the district and while pretending to be getting signatures for the mill, was really getting a transfer of the land to himself. As he had taught the natives to make gun-powder secretly, which was illegal, they had no difficulty in obtaining his arrest, after which he served over 12 months in a Government gaol. On his release he attempted to go back to the Ohura, where he had buried a sum of money in a bottle. Before he reached Kakahi he was twice warned not to proceed, and a final warning reached him at Manu-nui, but as he turned a deaf ear to all threats, he was shot by a party of Taumarunui natives, who were in ambush just below Manu-nui. Some of his own gun-powder was used, and perhaps that is the reason why he was only wounded by both shots that were fired. As soon as the natives saw he was disabled, one of them rushed in and killed him with a tomahawk, and while still throbbing his heart was cut out, roasted and a Hauhau karakia made over it. The heart belonged to the god, Maru, and proper propitiation had to be made. As no other millwright could be found to finish the work it slowly fell into decay, and to-day little remains but the stones and great water-wheel, gradually being covered by decaying vegetation, to show the former industry and enterprise of the Maori.

The Maori account of the above cannot be relied upon as accurate. Mawhata married a Maori woman, was always friendly with the Wanganui natives, and the real reason of his murder seems to have been jealousy between the Lower Wanganui and Taumarunui tribes.

The Upper Ohura mill was generally known as the Hourangi Mill. One old man states that Mawhata worked at the Marae-kowhai mill, also that he superintended the raising of the first wheat crop which was sown on the newly-burnt land and gave straw that easily hid a standing man. All this grain was afterwards sent to Kaiwhaiki and Pipiriki. When the dispute occurred over the Marae-kowhai mill Mawhata removed to near Otaki, probably in the early 60's. When the war broke out he joined the Imperial troops, but afterwards deserted, and in the wild unknown lands of the King Country, was absolutely safe among his Maori friends. It was probably then that he manufactured the powder for which



THE HOUSEBOAT.
(Marae-kowhai).

he was eventually arrested. Even to this day there are large deposits of sulphur on the river, carried by the natives on their backs all the way from Taupo. Some of this is in a cave near Waipahihi, some at Kaiwhaka-uka, and some at Whakahoro, buried near where the old pataka stood on Mr Barn's property. The total as far as is now known must weigh over a ton.

It was probably about 1874 that the Hourangi mill was commenced, and it was practically completed before Mawhata's arrest. The writer was once told by an old soldier named Tom Adamson, that Mawhata was a man of immense strength, a man-of-wars man. On one occasion when he had gone to Wanganui in disguise, probably for mill gear, eighteen soldiers tried to capture him at Aramoho, but he threw the whole number off in a rough and tumble and got clean away. He was eventually arrested by three Taumarunui Maoris, probably under the lure of Government money. Three men approached him in friendly guise; one held out his hand and said "Tenakoe, Wiremu," and held his hand fast while the others gripped his legs and threw him. He received a two years' sentence, and it was shortly after his release that the murder occurred. The man who shot him had a bullet rammed home on top of a charge of heavy shot. He was a half-caste Maori-Negro, and rested his gun while he fired from behind a whare at Matehania that stood near where the new Taumarunui bridge now spans the river. A man rushed in with a tomahawk and another tore out the throbbing heart. This was in 1881. It is said the Maoris offered part of the Waimarino block to the Government in order to obtain a pardon for the ring-leaders, but it was never accepted, nor was any action taken by the authorities.

Old Pa.

There is the remains of an old fighting pa (with graves) called Papa-uma on the high hill behind the Houseboat, also Whara-riki, with earthworks on a kowhai ridge immediately opposite, and a third, possibly the largest, called Te Hinau, a high point about a mile below Wharariki. Rauponga is a flat, old kainga and burying ground across the Ohura above the Houseboat, and Rau-whare, a kainga with fruit trees opposite. All these places saw fighting during the time of the mill dispute, and bullets can still be found embedded in the papa opposite the Houseboat.

Houseboat.

This unique floating hotel was built at Taumarunui and brought down river by the late Captain Marshall. It contains 20 bedrooms,

each containing two berths, a large dining-hall seating 40 people, social hall, smokingroom, bathrooms, electric light and all modern conveniences. Judging by some of the remarks in the visitors' book, such as "Exquisite," "Absolutely," "Paradise," "Delightful and novel," "Something to dream about," "Glorious," "Heavenly," "A haven of rest," etc., visitors are more than satisfied with the hotel, its management, and its surroundings. Leaving the Houseboat in the early hours of the morning sometimes brings forth the gentle murmur of disapproval. In the summer time on a fine night when the moon is overhead, we think that the night spent on the river will be appreciated, for the river by day is fair but at night, in the silver light, when the air is full of the sound of whispering waters, and the quiet breeze, heavy with the perfume of wild flowers, the river is, as well as the Houseboat, something to dream about. And even the early morning start has its compensations. Early morning on the river! Oh, river! Summer! Dawn! What an exquisite and roseate mystery surrounds the meeting of you three! The glow worms extinguish their lamps; the birds awake and sing; the cicada supplies a continuous accompaniment, and Hine-pukohu, the lovely mist maiden, steals from her hiding place and drapes the lower hills with her pearly grey mantle, partly veiling the landscape, but in this vagueness is the indescribable loveliness of the early morning. Beautiful river, deep and full! A dream-like vapour hovering o'er her bosom, yet every tree and rock reflected as in a magic mirror. Later a sheet of molten silver spreads before us, shimmering in the rays of the morning sun. The river hurries on, glorying in the joy of existence, endeavouring to outstrip her mist-draped daughter now hurrying her way towards the ocean.

Tawata, 112 Miles.

This beautiful flat, with old kainga was so named because of a special tawa tree where a woman named Hine-waha used to visit and beat to get therefrom the fruit or berries. The stump of the tree still bears evidence (tawa—a tree, ta—to beat).

Tawa-ta, left bank, was at one time a place of considerable importance, and when the writer first visited the place there were upwards of 1000 natives assembled. To-day there are three families. Not very many years ago the natives' whare were burned with all they contained, owing to cases of leprosy becoming known. This old world disease has been endemic here for years, the last victim died quite recently. Measles have swept through the kainga again

and again, and only recently, 1919, when the influenza scourge swept through the land, the little cemetery at Tawa-ta received nine victims.

As far as the writer is aware leprosy and asthma were the only diseases known to the old-time Maori, who were an exceedingly long-lived race. Some examples may be quoted:—

Te Kere Ngataierua, died 1901, buried Tawata, aged about 100.
Topine te Mamaku, died 1886, buried Makakote, aged about 101.
Taumata, died Parinui, aged about 110.

Tuku (generally known as Te Kooti's Butcher), died at Papakai, said to have been 130. For many years before his death this man was carred into the sun. His skin appeared like polished parchment stretched over a frame.

Wiha, died 1916, buried Tawata, a great-great-great grandfather, aged about 95.

Ngareta, of Putikituna, said to be, and looked like, 100 upwards of 20 years ago; still alive at Kukuta.

Uenuku (Old Napoleon), 108.

Kai-te-manunui, died 1910, buried Parinui, tablet gives age at 100.

Riini Parakaiatu, died Pipiriki, said to have been 98.

Haare Topuru-oa-whitu, said to have been 90.

From the cliff opposite the lower Tawata flat a woman was once thrown over, as will be told later.

Mangaohutu, 110 Miles.

The River Bank Road, left bank, leaves the river at this point and strikes inland. At Te Herata a large kainga on the flat above the Mangaohutu landing, south side, was deserted, owing, it is said, to a large lizard having taken up its abode there, inhabiting a cave, and by continual crying making the place untenable. On the opposite side, Maharanui, there was another kainga and burial ground. On the right bank there was formerly a pa here called Tupapanui, where a rather unusual incident took place. A chief named Terikau lived at this place and one day after receiving a number of visitors from Pipiriki, he told his wife to go and prepare some fern root for them. She sulkily answered back, and in front of them all told him to "go and get it himself." The man said nothing, but went away and shortly afterwards he was discovered hanging to a miro tree with a rope round his neck. He had hung

himself in shame at not being strong enough to command a woman. This happened about 20 years ago, and the miro tree is still standing close to the river.

Waipahihi, 109 Miles.

About a mile below Mangaohutu on the right bank, there is a spring running out of a cleft in the papa bank that is extremely salt. It is called Waitote, or salt water, and is opposite a stream known as Wai-pahihi, on the left bank, with a papa ledge below. It is said the old-time Maori travelled long distances for this water, which was used medicinally.

Makakote, 108 Miles.

Just before the Retaruke River is reached, some tall Lombardy poplars on a point above a small creek on the left bank indicate the position of the Makokote pa, all these old places have reverted to bush. This is the burial place of the great chief, Topine te Mamaku. Here it was that some people of a tribe called Ngati Raukawa, rested after having taken the pa from Wanganui. Pehi Turoa, a celebrated Wanganui man, sought to retake the place, and so completely surrounded it that food supplies were entirely cut off. After a time the garrison were reduced to such straits by hunger that many poor mothers were forced to exchange their little children, who were killed and eaten; indeed this was the only way the fighting men were kept alive—they lived on the children. After a time one man, in order to save his child from this impending fate, went outside the palissading of the pa, and looking down he saw the Wanganui people eating kumara or sweet potatoes. He thereupon tied a rope round his son and let him down the embankment, at the same time calling out for Pehi to come and save his child. He said, "This is Apa-nui, my son; spare him and have a name for mercy." When Pehi found out by this act that the people inside the walls had been reduced to such straits, he called back, "Let the child down by a rope, do not be afraid for you will see your son again." He then took twelve thin sticks strung with dried kumara, tied them on to the same rope that the child had been let down by and then called out, "Pull up the rope, here is a 'manawa hou' (new courage) for you." When the people in the pa saw the provisions thus acquired, they all rushed to the wall, calling out to Wanganui to give the same for their children, and Pehi, seeing the distress of these brave people, raised the seige and retired.



RETARUKE.

(One might infer from this story, which is true, that the old Maori was indifferent to his offspring, but this was not so; children were treated with a wealth of affection not exceeded by highly civilised races).

Retaruke 108 Miles.

A fine stream, left bank, along which a road has been formed leading to Raurimu. The portion of land close to the river upon which Mr Lacy's house now stands, was formerly a kainga known as Upoko-touriri. In the early days it held a large population, as it was the centre for a district which less than 50 years ago, along a river frontage of about 8 miles, supported upwards of 3000 natives. There was another large pole, similar to those at Maraekowhai, standing at this place to within recent years. It is also said to have been erected by the Hauhaus when peace was proclaimed. It was deserted somewhere about the same time (1872) owing it is said to a fight that occurred over a portion of the Maraekowhai block, and it is also stated that the Translated Bible (translation finished 1868) was first opened before the Upper River natives, by the Rev. Richard Taylor, at this spot, on the occasion of the burial ceremonies of those killed. Rev. Richard Taylor came to Wanganui in 1843 to fill the vacancy caused by the drowning of the Rev. Mr Mason in the Turakina River. Author of "Te Ika a Maui" and other works; lived in the district for 30 years, greatly respected by both pakeha and Maori.

Thirteen persons fell in the fight or were killed afterwards among the latter being the grandmother of Piki-huia, and they were all buried on the old kainga, their belongings and weapons being buried with them. A slab of totara used as a reading desk by the missionary at that time was afterwards taken possession of by an old settler, who made it into a table, which article is still in daily use. Besides introducing the Bible at Retaruke, the Rev. Taylor is said by the Maoris to have brought a Tamworth strain, which was released among the wild pigs that abounded, and still abound, everywhere. Some of these red pigs were liberated in this valley and some at Koiro.

A European named Davey who was an assistant surveyor with Mr H. Field, died here and was buried above the spring south of the woolshed now standing on the place. It is said that Maoris would never again touch their old water supply; this was in 1873.

Pari-atua.

Just below the Retaruke a high birch covered point can be seen from the river. This is the old pa Pari-atua (now a trig). Formerly there was a great signal war drum kept on this hill to call together the tribes in case of an attack. It is said that the thunder of its voice could be heard at Tawata, at least six miles away. The sides of the hill are somewhat precipitous and it is difficult to approach. One of the earliest surveyors on the upper river, Mr Skeet, has mentioned that palissading was still standing round this pa when he first saw it. This gentleman was taken prisoner on the upper Ohura on his first inspection trip, and was taken to Tawata, but after three or four days confinement was released by Pehi Turoa.

Whaka-horo.

Whaka-horo is an old kainga opposite the Retaruke landing. Formerly a wharepuni, known as Manini-au, stood here, of which some of the old adzed totara is still in evidence. Now many graves occupy the site.

Half a mile further down on the same side there was a kainga known as Namu, and this was occupied until quite recent years, the last of the houses only lately having fallen or been pulled down. The meeting house here was known as Whiti-anga, which gave name to the block. There are now many graves on the lower point of this flat, among others, Mamai, the wife of Piki-huia, who shot herself about 20 years ago in a fit of jealousy. Opposite Namu is the Kai-whaka-uka stream and old pa on its south bank. This place was the scene of a native fight that occurred somewhere about the year 1820. When first the northern natives obtained guns from the early whalers and traders they naturally desired to use them, so banded together under the leadership of a chief named Tuwhare, till they were upwards of 1400 strong. They travelled down the west coast as far as Wellington, killing and feasting on the dead as they went, and on their return journey a section decided to follow the Wanganui fugitives up river by canoe. As the party advanced up river many closed in on the rear of the invaders, thus attempting to cut off their retreat. But "What was that to Tuwhare?" said our Maori narrator. "He cleared a path for his party by the terror of his guns. When we heard the sound of those guns we thought they were native trumpets, and our old men said, 'Does this man think to conquer Wanganui with a noise?' " But when they saw the dead falling around, struck down by an invisible missile, they knew it must be the new weapon of which they had

heard rumours; nevertheless they decided to fight it out." The invaders had succeeded in passing the narrow cliff-bound part of the river, and ascended to the junction of Retaruke, when the hostile movements of the local tribes became so threatening and their numbers so great that Tuwhare decided to turn back. When they reached Kaiwhakauka, half a mile below Retaruke, they found the Wanganui leader, Pehi Turoa, had gathered so many men to await their return that their progress was entirely barred; so they had to trust to their guns and fight it out. Under cover of fire they succeeded in getting into the fort, but Wanganui, now able to fight at close quarters with native weapons, were too strong for their foes, a very large number of whom were killed in the pa and others thrown over the cliff on to the boulders below. Whilst Tuwhare was in the pa and just coming round the corner of a whare, he was met by Hamarama, a chief of Wanganui, whom Tuwhare fired at and hit in the shoulder, but before he could re-load Hamarama struck him a blow with his taiaha (a weapon used after the same fashion as the old English quarter staff. It was flattened out at one end and was usually carved and decorated with a bunch of feathers at the other. It was always recognised as a chief's weapon), which split his head but did not kill him. Tuwhare sorely wounded as he was, called out as a sort of taunt, "Mehemea he ringa huruhuru tau, ko tenei he ringaringa mahi kai." (If thine had been the arm of a warrior, I should have been killed, but it is the arm of a cultivator of food.). The Taiaha mentioned here is still in the possession of the Wanganui natives, and it now bears the name Te Ringa-mahi-kai, as also are named some of the direct descendants of the old warrior down to the present day. In the above story the leading incidents are correct, but it was a nephew of Tuwhare's that met his death wound on this occasion and not Tuwhare himself.

The newly formed road running up this valley gives access to a Returned Soldiers' block and most of the available land has been taken up.

Otahua, 106 Miles.

A short distance down stream from the Kai-whaka-uka pa, left bank, the tops of a few cabbage trees (*Cordyline Australis*) can be seen above the rank foliage on the hill side. These indicate the position of a pa named Otahua, where the father of the celebrated Topine te Mamuka, a man named Whakaneke, spent his boyhood. It will be mentioned later that some boys escaped from a war party by hiding in a hollow log. This was the place where it happened.

with water, having only their faces exposed, and joined their people on the heights above.

Ngararanui, 105 Miles.

This is a rapid that was sometimes visited by the Ngarara (land monster), Tutangata-kino, but the places where these dread creatures were wont to abide in the days of yore are as a sealed book to the white man as he travels in his fire boat. He, in his ignorance, probably thinks the old Maori was killed or drowned at these places as the result of accidents—well, let him think as he will; the young Maori of to-day knows better, but he does not care so long as the powers of the brute is on the wane.

From now onward the cliffs gradually close in on both sides, and the scenery becomes grand beyond conception. Tier above tier rise the steep banks, covered with the richest vegetation, with here and there the white cliff faces peeping out. The varied foliage, the blossoms of the trees (in spring), the beautiful mamaku fern trees growing together as thick as they can stand, millions of them, right from the waters edge to the very top of the mountains, make a scene of most enchanting loveliness. From now onwards, also the rapids, are more widely separated, and the many stretches of still water reflect and double reflect, as in a continuation of mirrors, the fern-clad hills and rocky banks. An old kainga, Owairua, is passed with poplars and fruit trees, but it has been deserted for many years, and is now not known except to the travelling river man or Maori in quest of wild cattle or pigs. Just before the tall rows of poplars (in the autumn a dream of colour) or Kiri-kiri-roa come into view, there will be noticed a tall bluff on the right bank at a bend of the river to the left, which greatly resembles the prow of an ironclad ship. It is called by pakeha the man of war, but the Maori, Kokiri-a-Koinaki (the diving place of Koinaki). There was formerly a pa on the flat above the rock, and from this elevation the old chief Koinaki took his morning plunge and swim. There are graves here now—Hitaua, the father of Pehi-Turoa, resting with the others. Onepoto, the name of the kainga, with fruit trees, is at the stern end of the "ship."

Kirikiri-roa, 100 Miles.

Kirikiri-roa means a long gravel or shingle bed. When the writer called at this place some 25 years ago there was quite a village, and the visitor was regaled on a mixture of potatoes and

wild honey. Now the last vestige of the numerous whare has disappeared and all that can be seen to suggest former occupation is fruit trees in abundance and hundreds of wild pigs. Kirikiroa is a peninsula of about 300 acres of easy country. It is connected with the main land with a very narrow ridge from the top of which one could throw a stone into the river on both sides. It has all been cleared by the natives in the old days, but is fast going back to second growth. Camped here for one month during the summer of 1921, the writer's party shot twenty-nine pigs and two wild cattle. As this place was the scene of some of the fighting in connection with the Marae-kowhai mill, we must again refer to that affair which was almost, if not the last, fight in New Zealand between Maori and Maori.

It was said that Te Kere was the chief owner of the land on which the Marae-kowhai mill was built, and it was after its completion that Topine demanded a share. It was when this dispute was at its height that Waru made use of the curse mentioned elsewhere, that was so objectionable to Topine. Before this Te Kere had a share in the mill at Kaiwhaiki on the Kakawai stream near Wanganui, and the first intimation he received of Topine's hostile intentions was when he was returning from this place to his home at Rau-ponga (over the Ohura, north of Marae-kowhai), with several canoes loaded with flour and 60 of his people. He had also with him in the canoes two pakeha, whose names were Rapira (Lampila) and Airia (name unknown to writer), who were connected with the Catholic mission, and these two, faithful to their work, stood by the natives through the whole of the engagement, encouraging the Maori with their karakia and helping them with the sick and wounded. When the canoes reached Kawhitara, the rapid below the Houseboat, a volley was fired from Topine's men, and one of the young polers, a lad named Takerei, was killed. There were then on the cliffs above the river about 100 men, and they had among them some 30 guns, some pu-kahia, and some meene (possibly flintlock and percussion cap rifles).

This reception came as a surprise to Te Kere, who immediately ordered his people not to return the fire, but make all haste to reach cover. While continuing their poling up stream, Takerei died, and his blood running along the bottom of the canoe came into contact with some of the flour, making it "tapu" and unfit for use. Te Kere landed at Rauponga, buried the dead man without a tangi, quickly threw up some earthworks at Otuhaumi, the terrace above Rauponga, blew the pukahia (trumpets) as a call for help and a warn-

ing that hostilities were about to start, and then ordered the firing to commence, the fire being chiefly directed at the fortified places, Papauma and Otama-kaihau, the earthworks of which pa have now been almost entirely obliterated by stock.

After shots had been exchanged for two or three days, during which time a large quantity of ammunition was expended, the firing ceased by mutual consent, as it was found that the distance across the Ohura Valley was too great for the old-time rifles.

After Mamaku received reinforcements from up and down river, he occupied Wharariki on the left bank of the Wanganui, and so hemmed in Te Kere with his handful of men. But Te Kere was a celebrated tohunga in his day, whom no bullet could touch, and he had but to talk to his atua and lo! a dense fog came down during the night, entirely screening the canoes while they quietly floated down stream with their 60 souls. In the morning when Topine's warriors looked out the canoes were gone, and Rauponga was deserted. As Te Kere passed Kirikiri-roa, he saw Topine's atua, so hastened his own people down to Tahereaka, as he understood by this sign that Topine was following. He then called upon Maru, and the two atua met and fought in the air, the result being that the first mentioned god fled and vanished (concerning these, atua, the only information forthcoming was that they were like stars flying, meteors). At Tahereaka the women and children were left and the same day Te Kere proceeded to pole up stream again. He landed his party at Ohaitu, half a mile below Kirikiri-roa, where he left his canoes and then walked up through the fern and waited in hiding for darkness, for Te Kere and Uenuku, another old noted chieftain, had planned the attack on Kirikiri-roa at daylight. They had in some way ascertained that Topine had come down the same day, but sometime after Te Kere, and occupied the numerous whare of the pa of Kirikiri-roa. The night was very dark and Topine occupied a whare with Kiri-pirau, his wife Kai-maha, and their child Takerau. This woman was regarded as a tohunga or prophet, for up till this time she had frequently foretold events. As Kiri-pirau was somewhat apprehensive of danger, he said to his wife, "E Kui, kai te pehea tatau i tenei po." She, being engaged entertaining her visitor and Topine, scarcely realising what was asked, in her excitement replied, "E-I! Kore, kore, kore, kore." Almost at the same moment that her assurance of security came, the blow fell, for a shot rang out in the darkness. One of Te Kere's men, whose name was Teko-teko, wishing to warn Topine, fired off his gun, pretending that it was done accidentally. Directly Te Kere found he was discovered

he made his rush, and men, women and children were entrapped in the houses and shot down without mercy. One woman only called out and pleaded for her life—without avail. The others met their fate bravely. At the first sign, Topine being awake, rushed out of the whare and escaped over the river to One-poto. Kiri-pirau also escaped. He picked up his child and ran towards the track, but was intercepted and forced towards the cliff opposite Te Kokiri-a-Koinaki. Here he steadied himself by placing his taiaha between his legs, put the child on his back and slid down the steep face, dragging the taiaha behind. Several shots were fired at him in the semi-darkness, but by swimming and diving he reached the other side of the river in safety. Those killed were buried at Kirikiri-roa.

This fight was continued at Puke-tapu further down the river, when Te Kere retired after the Kirikiri-roa raid, and the story will be continued when that place is noted on the downward trip.

Te Maai, 99 Miles.

An old kainga on the right bank, covered with second growth and rewarewa trees. There are a number of graves here. The name was given when a calabash of “kuku” (mussels) was brought from the coast to this place.

Tarei-pou-kioré, 98 Miles.

This place was for years considered to be one of the most dangerous rapids on the river in flood time, owing to the furious water striking a papa face on the left bank and causing a whirl pool. The natives say that within the memory of their old men a slip came down from the left bank that completely blocked the river for some time. The River Trust have put in such good work by blasting and removing snags that one could swim through the place now at low water without trouble.

Tahereaka.

At Opakua there are old kainga on both sides of the river that can easily be detected by poplar trees. The one on the right bank is called Haumia, where there are a great quantity of fruit trees; on the left bank stands Tahereaka.

Ohauora, 94 Miles.

Ohauora is the name of another deserted village and stream on left bank. Near here is the rock Te Ure-a-Tamatea, named after part of the person of a very old ancestor, who is said to have made

a journey up river. Many other places are named after this man also. Nga Kuri a Tamatea, Te Tutae a Tamatea, etc. All these are rocks, some only visible at low water. There is a sort of cave at Ohauora, where this ancestor is said to have camped.

Puketapu.

Puketapu, on the right bank, and Manga-papapa, on the left, are heralded by Lombardy poplars. It was to Puke-tapu (Sacred Hill) that Te Kere retired after the Kirikiri-roa raid, with Topine in pursuit. Te Kere had here stores of potatoes and kumara and brought flour with him. He dug a large and deep trench right round the pa, with over-hanging top, and transferred all his stores and material to this underground refuge. He also had all his whare taken to pieces and the boards stored below. Topine occupied Manga-papapa (manga, a river branch; papapa, the beetle with the insufferable odor known as *periplaneta fortipes*) immediately across the river from Puketapu. The siege lasted three months, during that period many of Topine's people were shot, they having provided no cover, but the only man lost on Te Kere's side was Te Opira; he was shot accidentally by one of his own people. One of the sentinels was a man named Tanerau, and one night when he was on duty above the trench he felt sleepy, so called on his brother-in-law, Te Opira, to take his place. After Tanerau went below he fell asleep, and being suddenly awakened by a slight noise and seeing a man standing above him, he immediately fired before he realised that he himself had placed the man there. Te Opira fell back into the trench stone dead. Topine heard the sound of the wailing across the water and cried out that it was "Kai toa," or a good job. There was plenty of food in the besieged pa, but the difficulty was to get water, owing to the proximity of the Manga-papapa rifles. So a hole was dug down into the hard clay after the fashion of the European, until water was struck, and as soon as enough was collected it was thrown into the air with much shouting to show Topine that his siege was ineffectual. Now there was a chief among Kere's party named Te Kaponga, who Topine was very anxious to take, owing to some previous grievance. There was also a man on Topine's side, Paurarokino, who was quite on friendly terms with Te Kere's people right through the fight, and he was allowed access to the Puke-tapu pa at any time. These two men were both covered all over their faces with tattoo, and the moko on both was much the same. They decided between them to outwit Topine and so perhaps end the fight. Paura went over to Puke-

tapu and exchanged clothes with Te Kaponga, he also gave him his taiaha and then sent him over to Manga-papapa. When Topine's people saw Te Kaponga they thought he was their own man, so called out, "Naumai e koro." He passed through the pa without being detected and taking Paura's canoe went down river. When he reached Manga-purua, he called out to Topine (he must have had a pretty strong voice) and asked him if he had seen Te Kaponga going through. Topine replied that he had not, but when he found the man had really escaped he was very wroth. However, when he had assurance that Te Kaponga was in safety at Parinui, he sent some of his women over to Puke-tapu with a present of mats and peace was proclaimed.

The dead, said to be 300, no doubt grossly exaggerated, on Topine's side, were buried at Manga-papapa.

Tangarakau River and Old Kainga, R.B., 85 Miles.

This branch joins the river on the right bank. Several thousand pounds were spent about 15 years ago in opening up this tributary for light draught launches to connect with an interior road to Stratford. It was found to be impracticable, and again gradually filled with logs. There were formerly several native settlements at various points, the largest being Putiki-tuna, about 12 miles up stream. Some years ago the writer remembers canoeing to this place with a large party of natives, and on the journey received a practical lesson in domestic economy. During a sudden and heavy summer's downpour all the natives pulled off their clothes and sat upon them to keep them dry. It is said that at this spot Tamatea cut trees for some repair work to his canoes, hence the name Ta-nga-rakau.

Mangatoatoa, 84 Miles.

Three large rocks jutting out into the stream from the left bank indicate the position of Manga-toatoa. There was formerly a large kainga above the Tanga-hoe stream near Parinui, on property now owned by Mr Galpin. The name of this place was Otekoki, and it is said to have held a population of over 2000, but probably our informant was speaking "a la Maori."

On one occasion the Ngati-Ruanui warriors came down on the war path and the river people for greater security retired to Parinui, where the parties met and the invaders were defeated. From the few who escaped was a taurekareka, who, afterwards, hunting round for some revenge on his own account, came across a very old

to get away with his burden he left the head and the remaining portion of the old woman's body on the Mangatoatoa rocks.

Whanga-momona River, 82 Miles.

It is said that the Whanga-momona river received its name owing to the story that a man named Hoti who lived near Purangi at Puke-mahoe, near the head waters of both the Whanga-momona and Waitara Rivers, had a reputation. His kainga was Rakaiateatua, on the main Maori track from the Wanganui River to Taranaki. Here he used to way-lay the unfortunate travellers that passed and any that appeared particularly plump had to provide food for this genial old epicure. Hence the name Whanga—to wait; momona—fat.

Otumango, L.B., 79 Miles.

A soldiers' settlement, at present without roads, but a track leads to Manga-purua, a landing and soldiers' settlement. A road runs through to Raetihi and telephone communication has been established. This place is rich in legend, but only one or two stories can be told here.

Manga-purua, 75 Miles.

A rather celebrated Ngarara (if such an evil creature can be described as celebrated) named Okuaurei, made his home at the foot of the Hurunaki hill at this place. In 1904 a man went up the Manga-purua stream to get a supply of eels. He had caught several before he noticed that he was nearly caught himself. However, he made good his escape to Parinui, but had to leave eels, clothes and everything he had in his mad rush for life. Later the same year a man named Tanga was out catching kiwi, which were at that time very plentiful about the Manga-purua, and he was also chased, but he tumbled a rock over the hill and the Ngarara, hearing the noise of the crashing timber, followed the rock and let the man escape. This hill is now possessed of considerable mana, and if an erring Maori ventured near the ensuing storm or heavy fog, quickly drives him to safety and penitence.

There is a tree supposed to be standing on a high hill, called Whirinaki, which is very sacred. It is called Parikoritawa and sometimes Unakau. (See Morpeth's paper, *Journal Polynesian Society*, Vol. 14, No. 4.).

There was a woman named Matakaha, who lived in the Upper Wanganui district. She married and had three children, and then

her husband died. Having to provide for her family she went down to Manga-purua to get tawa berries so as to preserve the kernals. Here she set to work but no sooner had she commenced picking than a man appeared from the tree. He was not an ordinary man, but was half man and half god, and gave his name as Mataoterangi. Again, as in the days of old, the sons of god noticed that the daughters of men were fair, and when the lady told of her condition the god-man informed her if a daughter were born her name was to be the same as the tree Parikoritawa; but if a son, he was to be called Takai-te-iwa. In case of the latter event the child would emerge from the woman's back between the shoulders (tarapakihiwi), and the mother herself would die. In the course of events the child was born, even as the Tarakihi (cicada cingulata) emerges from its parent shell and the mother died as was foretold by the atua. The child was taken care of by an uncle and he grew to man's estate, and in the upper Wanganui district was known as the greatest tohunga of his day. From Takai-te-iwa descended Te Kere, whose name has appeared in these pages.

(m). Takai-te-iwa—Hinehaurangi (f).

(m). Te Rongo—here—kai—Towhai (f)

(f). Hinewau—Whakapaki (m).

(f). Putere—Te Huaki (m).

Te Kere.

The tree, Pari-koritawa, thus became very sacred, and numerous deaths have been recorded owing to violations of the tapu; the writer was given the names of four Parinui men who all died owing to their rashness in this respect; but of late years the leaves have sometimes been used for healing, but only those who can perform the correct incantations may do so.

Immediately below Manga-purua, on the Opopo rapid, there is a peculiar spring flowing through a hole in the solid rock. It is known as Korokoro-poranga-hui, and was so named after a chief who drank of the waters and commanded that the place should afterwards be known by his name.

Oparia, 72 Miles.

Oparia (to turn over), is the place where the great Tau-whare-puru canoe (the largest canoe ever hewn out on the river, said to have held 100 warriors, was let down the cliff by the means of supplejack ropes. In the decent she had to be turned over. The stump of the totara tree can still be seen on the hill above, but no Maori will venture near as it is a most sacred spot, and probably death would be dealt out to the venturesome offender.

The largest canoe now afloat is Te Mata-a-Hoturoa, now fitted up in pakeha fashion with an engine etc., it was felled and cut out near Ngarara-Huarau, at Kakahi. There is at the present time a large pataka built on the stump of the tree from which it was cut. This canoe is about 85 feet long and 7ft beam at the widest part. It has several bullets embedded in its soft totara, proving the trouble of the early days. There is a sacred canoe unfinished at Whenuatere, two at Opatu, and many others at various places lying in the bush where they were cut out two or three generations ago, but abandoned for various causes.

Ta-nga-hoe.

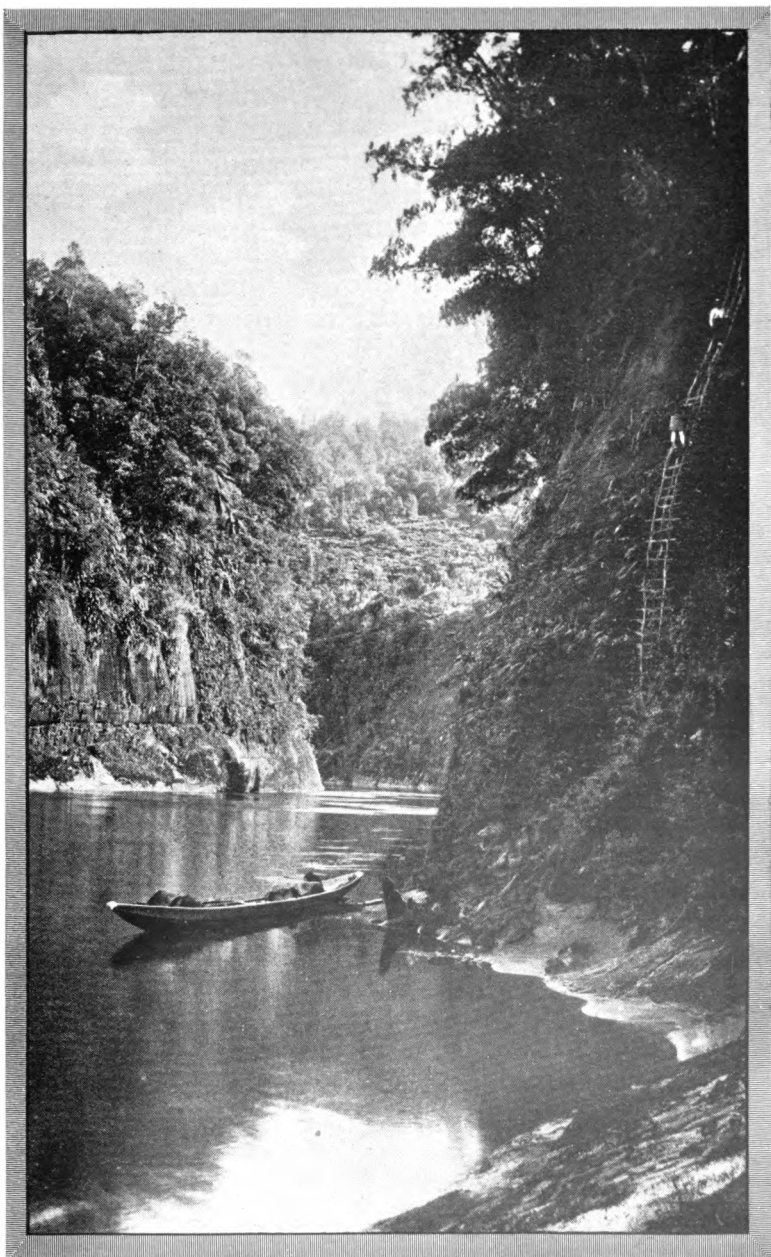
Ta-nga-hoe, a creek and landing. The creek is said to have been so named because Tamatea, the ancestor, cut paddles here.

Mangatiti, 70 Miles.

A landing at Mangatiti, left bank, gives access to a large area of country. The road connected with the river leading to Raetihi, is about 40 miles.

Parinui, 69 Miles.

On the right bank, in a fine stretch of country, is Parinui, or Utapu, as it was formerly called. There is still a fair scattered population here for a road leaves the river to Whanga-momona, but the thatched whare of which there are some photographs still in existence, are now no more. A cemetery occupies the site of Utapu, where the pictures were taken. The high hills on the left bank probably give rise to the name (Pari, a cliff; nui, big). Should the tourist be a speculator with a leaning towards a cider plant, this is the place, for there are apple and fruit trees everywhere. This place is also rich in romance. Huri-nui is the name of the large shingle bank at Parinui, named after a Ngarara or land monster that inhabited a cave on the right bank of the river at Okura, below



OLD CLIFF LADDER, ARAWHATA.

the Ramanui stone wall. This cave is now a "tapu" place, and is screened from the vulgar gaze by trees and second growth. The Parinui people received word that the Waikato tribes were coming down river on mischief bent, so they prepared a little surprise for the invaders. The tohunga plaited two strong ropes which they arranged round the lair so that the Ngarara, on creeping out would put his head through the noose. The trap was set. A shout was raised to startle the creature, and as he crept out two strong men on either side made the Ngarara a prisoner. They rolled him up in totara bark as pigeon or mutton birds are tied, and when the Waikato canoes appeared he was suddenly released. As may be imagined, on beholding the dread monster, Waikato did not wait for battle, but fled for their lives, leaving canoes, provisions and weapons behind. They never risked a second venture.

Tieke, 68 Miles.

Rama-nui, right bank. Tieke, left bank, a pretty and interesting kainga, with a carved meeting house and abundance of fruit trees, was deserted when Te Rangihuatau was buried on the old pa, Okirihau, just above the kainga. E. J. Wakefield visited this place in 1841. Some effort should be made to preserve the wharepuni, which is fast going to decay. It was in this house that the late chairman of the River Trust, T. D. Cummins, Esq., paid out a large sum of money—£35,000—to the natives in payment for land, about the time of the death of the Hon. R. J. Seddon, for word came through of this calamity while the meeting was in progress. All business was suspended while eulogistic speeches were made and dirges sung.

Its associations to the Maori are more unique. There is a squatting figure holding up the pillar supporting the verandah of the house. This represents a man named Tukoio, who was a celebrated hero in his time, being the destroyer of a wild man of the woods or Maeroero, who with his female companion roamed the bush destroying men and women, and also birds in such quantities that the neighbourhood was in danger of starvation. This Maeroero was a fearsome looking object. He was after the form of a man, and spoke a language understood by the Maori, but he was more than twice as tall as the tallest man and was covered with long black hair, and having long claws on hands and feet he was able to thrust these out suddenly and so spear all that came within his reach. One day when Tukoio was at Kahura snaring pigeons he heard a noise and looking up quickly, he discovered that the Maeroero had seen

and was after him. What chance had he against the creature? A maeroero can cover in one step twenty long strides of a full-grown man. Tukoio did the only thing possible; he darted behind a big tawhero tree and there the two went round and round, the maeroero endeavouring to pierce the man, and the Maori striving to outwit the maeroero. At length Tukoio found he was getting tired, while the maeroero seemed as strong as ever, so he thought he would have to bring matters to a climax and kill or be killed. He sprang out on one side of the tree just for an instant. "Ah," shouted the maeroero, "I've got you now," as he thrust out his long claws endeavouring to impale the Maori. Quick as lightning there descended Tukoio's stone axe on the maeroero's arm and his arm fell, severed like a dry stick. Again did Tukoio try this trick on the other side of the tree, and again did the maeroero fall into the trap, loosing his other arm. Then the maeroero brought his long legs into the contest and tried to spear Tukoio with his toe-nails, but no, he could not reach the man. Then the Maori again feinted and darted out to one side of the tree. Quick as he was in shooting out his long talons, Tukoio was quicker, for this time the stone axe again descended and the wild creature drew back howling with rage and pain, minus his leg. The same thing happened to his one remaining limb, and then Tukoio was free, for the maeroero rolled about in his agony and could do nothing but scream at the man in his fierce rage. Then it was that Tukoio learned that the maeroero had a companion, a female, his wife, whose name was Maea, whom the Maori on the river did not know existed, till in response to her name being frequently called, she hurried to assist her husband. The Maori previously thought it was one maeroero that was causing all the trouble. When she came she saw only her stricken husband, and while she was cutting off her long hair to bind his wounds, Tukoio escaped. When the man reached his home at Tieke he told all the people how he had disabled the maeroero and how Maea had appeared, and all the men, led by tohunga, who were armed with strong karakia for overcoming such an enemy, went back to Kahura, where the tawhero tree was standing with the blood marks all around. They followed the blood trail till they came to Riri-ngarara (the anger of the reptile), a kainga that now contains a large meeting-house up the Manga-nui-o-te-ao tributary. Here they found a man who had been up a miro tree snaring pigeons. He had seen the two maeroero passing, one of them all bound up with long hair and helped along by the other. He had been too frightened to come down, so as the two maeroero passed

beneath him he had drawn on the only weapon available, his bodily "tapu." Ka miia to maeroero e te tangata e runga i te miro. In consequence of this reception the female maeroero was unable to touch the man and he also escaped. He then joined with the others in tracking and they all followed the blood marks till they came to the home of the maeroero up the Manga-nui-o-te-ao. But the cave was empty, except for the feathers where the wild creatures had made their bed, and bones where they had feasted. They were gone; no one knows where, nor have they since been heard of.

When Tukoio died, about 1880, his image was carved and placed as the tekoteko of the Wharepuni. The ancestor on the top is Rangi-whaka-rurua. The tawhero tree is said to be still standing, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the river on the Kahura creek, the marks of the maeroero's claws being still plainly visible on the bark.

Immediately below Tieke (which place unfortunately cannot be seen from the river) the gorge is again entered with a magnificent reach of deep, slow running water between high cliffs. Here and there wire will be noticed crossing from side to side some 80 or 100ft above the river level. These signs are all that are left of a telephone wire that ran down the centre of the gorge, but was destroyed by a flood in 1904, that at Pipiriki, where it is much wider than the gorge, rose 60 feet.

Here again is magnificence, nature in its beauty and freshness, and this part especially near the caves is considered by many travellers to be the finest on the river. About a mile below Ramanui there is a cave on the right bank called Ruru-moko. It is said that a sacred owl once inhabited this "ana," and indicated to travelling war parties what their success would be. If when passing, the war party heard the cry of the ruru, they at once turned their canoes and returned, but if all was silent success was assured.

Passing an old kainga named Paiaka, indicated by poplars on the left bank, Kahura is reached, where a road and landing lead to the River Trust endowment block of 10,000 acres. Poplars on the right cliff indicate where Manga-pukatea, a kainga of other days, was situated.

Arawhata. 64 Miles.

Near here is Arawhata, on the left bank, described in old photos as "The Ladder Scene," for in the old days a vine ladder led up the cliffs to the settlement above.

Manga-nui-o-te-ao, 62 Miles.

This, the largest of the lower tributaries, joins the river on the left bank. Formerly there were almost as many pa and kainga on the Manga-nui-o-te-ao as on the river itself, and it was the main highway down which large numbers of pigs were brought from the interior country and were taken by canoe to Wanganui and elsewhere. Great quantities of grapes were also sent down stream, principally grown at a place called Te Karaka.

Many of the old grape vines are still in evidence, fighting for existence with the second growth, but still bearing fruit; the imported blackbirds and thrushes have a royal time every autumn.

Between here and Pipiriki the swiftest rapids on the whole journey are met with, the long stretch of still water comes to an end and Ngaporo comes in view. Going up stream the boats have to winch up these furious boiling currents by means of a wire cable, but carried forward down stream through the wild chaotic turmoil, they will not be so noticeable however much they rage and fume against the rocks and boulders that make the swirling whirlpool and rushing rapid. This rapid is sometimes very shallow in the summer and the descent, as well as the ascent, occasionally has to be made by means of a wire rope.

Mangaio, The Caves, 58 Miles.

Is a pretty little creek, right bank, with an old pa perched up on its south bank.

Tu-whaka-airi-au, on the left bank, a sort of a large shallow cave at which place there was a fight or rather the climax of a fight, about four generations ago. From this place photographs of Aratira (the drop scene) are usually taken. There is a cave about 100 yards lower down on the same side, and on the opposite side the "caves" are to be seen.

The largest of these caves is Puraroto, which, viewed from the outside, is like a fairy scene. Ferns and lichens hang round the entrance, forming a beautiful frame, and from the top there hangs by a slender vine, a mass of entwined foliage like a huge chandelier. Inside the cave, from a fissure in the rock, a volume of water descends, which is certainly a fine sight. There are two or three other caves in the immediate vicinity, some of which wind their way for a considerable distance into the bowels of the earth, but Puraroto is the most beautiful of them all. It has been somewhat difficult to obtain a connected account of the fight that took place here, but the following may give an idea of the occurrence. It

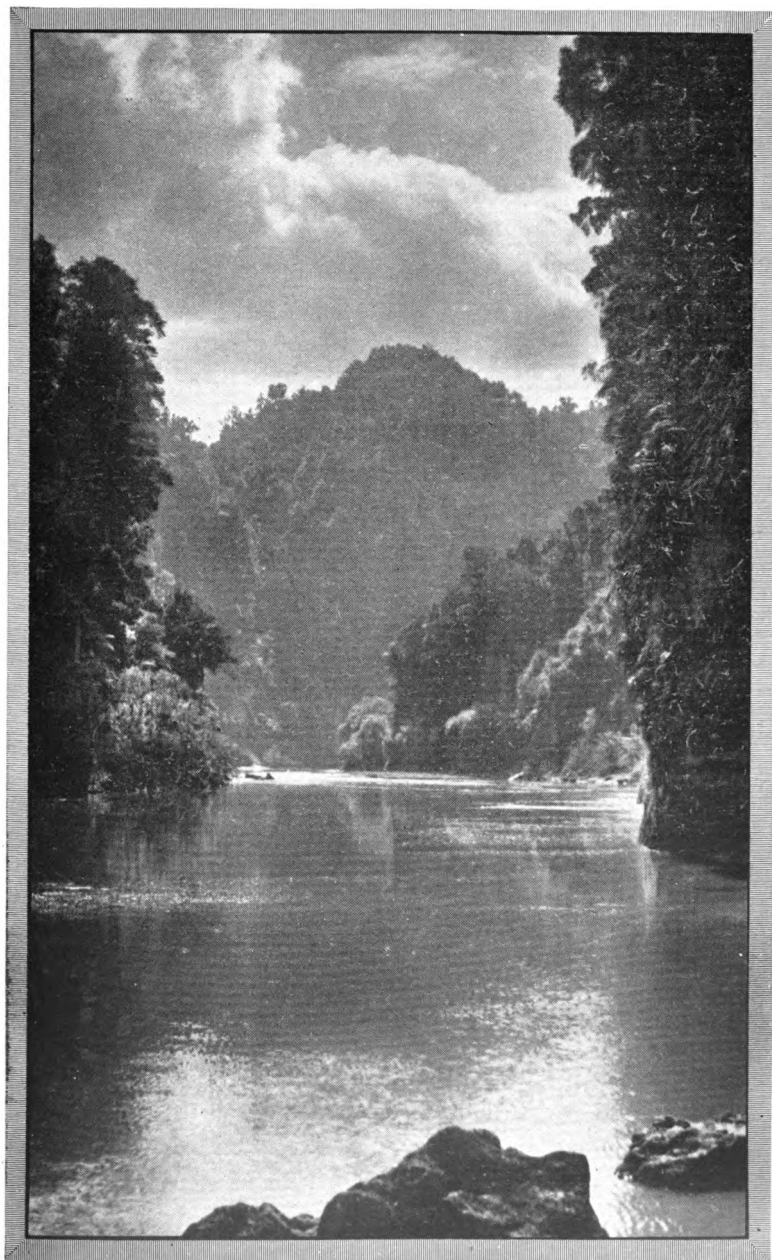
seems that Whaka-neke, whose name has already appeared in these pages, married a woman from the Manga-nui-o-te-ao, whose people so strongly objected that they journeyed up stream to Whakaneke's stronghold at Otahua with the object of obtaining possession of or killing some children. These children escaped by creeping into a log as has already been mentioned. Later a woman named Tutahi took the children to Oruaranga, at Manga-titi. Whakaneke in turn attacked this place with such success that one of his fighting chiefs advised him to return as enough men had been killed to give satisfaction. On the other hand Porotahi, another of his generals, advised to go further afield, and obtain more slaughter, while opportunity was to be had. The latter advice was taken and the canoes were paddled down stream.

Now when the Pipiriki people heard of the attack on their relatives of Manga-nui-o-te-ao, they sent Tama-haki up with a picked company to stop the invaders coming further down. They met at Autapu (a strong rapid a little lower down stream) and to-day a stone bearing the name Te Toka-a-Tama-haki shows the spot where the Pipiriki leader was hewn to pieces with Poro-tahi's stone axe. Although their leader fell the lower river people appear to have had the best of it and sought to jamb their antagonists between the cliffs.

Then it was that Potere, the tohunga, made a karakia over his spear and called out for Whakaneke to come out and show himself. When Whakaneke appeared to answer the challenge, Potere threw his spear before his opponent had time to get ready, but he managed to jump quickly and the spear went right through a man immediately behind him.

Gradually the up-river people were hemmed in, the Pipiriki and the Manga-nui-o-te-ao warriors holding them above and below at Aratira, where starvation was attempted.

While Whaka-neke's people were held here, a few more of his following, principally women and children, came down on a raft as prisoners and were killed in sight of their relatives. The details of the incident are as follows:—A man named Kaponga had gone up overland as far as Tawa-ta hunting for some of Whakaneke's family. These people tried to escape by climbing a high hill called Puke-te-umauma, and were making towards Waitotara. A woman with the party, Poro-tahi's wife, called Hinepuku, was unable to keep up, so when she found her party were being tracked, she hid herself, but owing to making a slight noise just at the critical moment when her searchers were passing, she was discovered.



THE DROP SCENE (Aratira).

On being questioned as to the whereabouts of the rest, she affirmed they had left some days before, but the scouts ahead soon returned with the rest of their prisoners. The woman was duly punished for her lie by being hurled over the cliff, probably 800 feet, and the rest of her party were brought down river by their captors, Kaponga and Ngataierua, on a broken pa-tuna or eel weir, which did service for a raft, and on their arrival at the caves the prisoners were sent on their long journey.

The Manga-nui-o-te-ao still held the starving up-river natives in the river trap. Te Ana-o-Tu-whaka-airi-au is a sort of large cave opposite Pura-roto. Above this place the Pipiriki warriors gathered and let down a kare-ao or supplejack rope, at the same time calling for Whaka-neke. He was drawn up and saved, no doubt by his wife's intercession, but some others whose names were afterwards called were not so fortunate, for when nearing the top the rope was cut and they were sent to a sudden death.

After this, although Whaka-neke had been saved, he later on decided to renew the fight, chiefly at the instigation of Manu-o-te-haki. A second time he was defeated and again narrowly escaped with his life, for a large whare in which he and several others were sleeping was surrounded. The wife again saved her husband by getting him away through the window before the final attack, but Te Aruhe and others were killed.

Just below the caves on the left bank, there can still be seen an old moss-covered totara stump, concerning which the following legend is told:—About ten generations ago a Maori chief cut down a totara tree with the intention of making a canoe from its trunk, but probably because of some neglected incantation it fell into the water and lay submerged. However, this was no hindrance to our chief. He commenced to fashion it in the water. Every morning he dived down to his work and remained adzing all day. The people on shore knew when he was at work by the chips rising to the surface, and he knew when it was time to cease in the evening by the eels coiling about his legs. This amphibious gentleman's name was Tama-tuna (son of an eel) and he was one of the great ancestors of the river people.

Au-te-mutu, 56 Miles.

On this rapid and sometimes on the Upper Paparoa there can usually be seen an eel weir or pa-tuna as it is called, built by the people of Te Ao-Marama, a kainga with fruit trees on the right bank just above Pipiriki. As these weirs (formerly very common) are

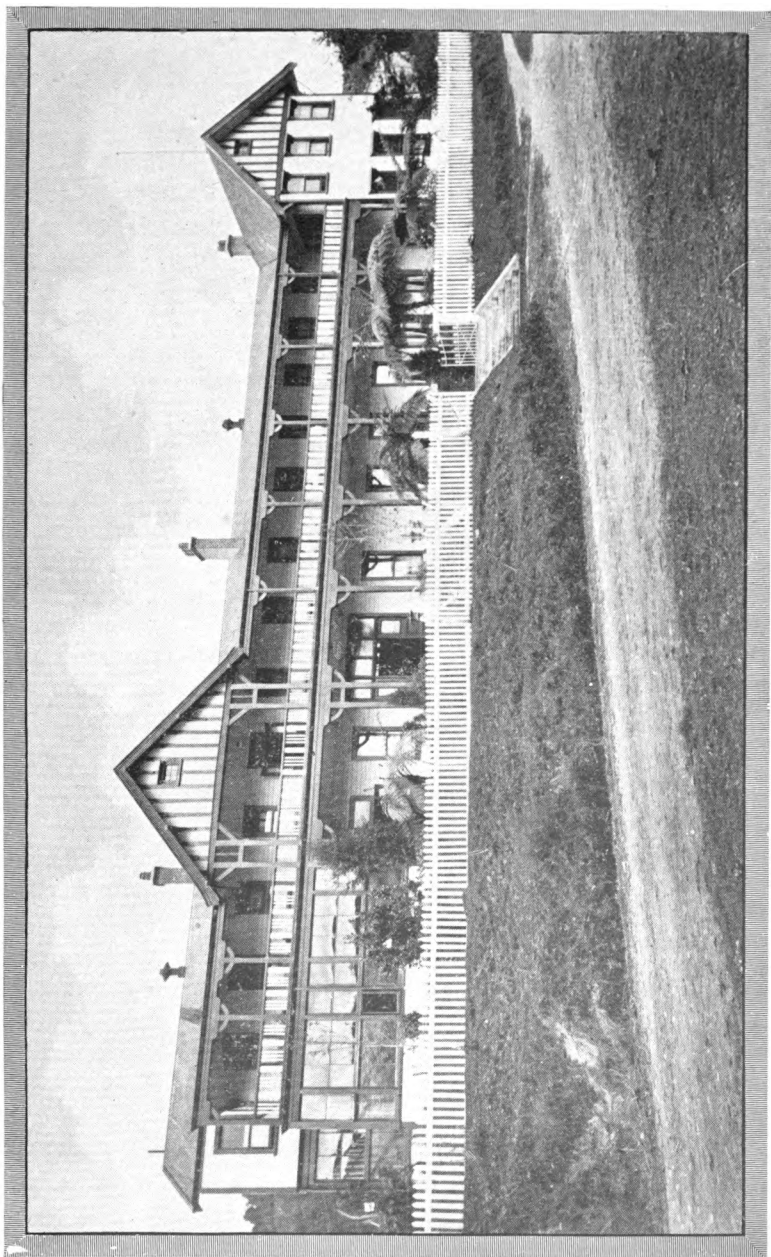
ingenious in their action, a short description may not be out of place. The pa-tuna was always built with the top end on the crest of a swift rapid, and consisted of two or more parallel fences running down stream slightly across the current, so as to intercept and gather the eels in their annual migration down stream, usually in April. At the foot of the fences posts are driven in about five feet away from the main structures to which they are strongly braced. These are to hold the pohā or leading net to which the hinaki or eel basket proper is attached. Sometimes in a single night half a ton of fish may be taken. The weirs constructed at right angles from the banks, of which a good many will be seen on the lower river, are for catching lampreys or piharau. They are called utu, are operated during floods in the winter and catch the fish on their upward journey.

There are many legends concerning eels or tuna, which were one of the principal old-time Maori foods. The following is a sample:—Some years ago a large eel came from Kakahi, an old pa on the river above Taumarunui. Here a patuna had been built but it was smashed. When it was noticed that all the patuna between Kakahi and Taumarunui were likewise broken, messengers were sent ahead to warn the people to strengthen their weirs and baskets. At Owata, above Otuiti, the people had to wait six days before the large eel reached that place, and then they heard his approach by his tail whipping the posts of the patuna as he was washed down, and also lashing the pohā; but in vain the people waited, he broke through everything. At Pakaria, the rapid below the Houseboat, a very large and strong hinaki was hurriedly made, and to strengthen it it was wrapped round and round its entire length with a strong rope. It proved effectual and Mimi, for so the big eel was named, was held a prisoner. The men in waiting could not lift the hinaki on to their canoes, so they dragged it down to Kawhitara, where it was killed and eaten. As soon as the great tuna was caught, a meeting took place at Tawa-ta and a song was composed to keep green its memory. This occurred in Wiha's time, and he was one of those present. Wiha died 1916.

Paparoa.

The upper and lower Paparoa rapids, to the writer's mind the swiftest on the river, are rapidly passed, and Hatrik's wharves appear, after a run of 60 miles from the Houseboat and 90 from Taumarunui.

PIPIRIKI HOUSE.



PIPIRIKI.

Pipiriki House.

The hostel known throughout the world as Pipiriki House, is one of the finest hotels in the Dominion. The original boarding house was erected about the same time as the Wairere commenced her regular trips to Pipiriki, and was purchased and enlarged by Messrs Hatrick and Co. about the year 1900. This place was destroyed by fire and the foundations for the present building were laid almost immediately afterwards, on October 21st, 1909. The building has been fitted with every modern convenience; the large dining hall accommodates 100 guests, there are 40 bedrooms, halls, lounges, billiard, smoking and two sitting rooms, a superb winter garden under glass, and the grounds contain both tennis and croquet courts. The hotel has for many years been under the able management of Mr and Mrs J. Howard.

Pipiriki, 55 Miles.

Eight generations ago an old Maori chief lay dying. On one occasion this man had been captured by an inland war party and loaded with calabashes which were to hold the flesh of his dead comrades after it had been preserved in fat. He suddenly threw down his load, killed four of his captors and escaped. Hence his mana or prestige. When dying he expressed the desire for some shell fish known as "pipiriki." A swift canoe was despatched to the sea coast for some of the desired "pipi," but before it returned the old chief had passed away. The last word of the expiring Maori was given to the place where he died and the little settlement is now known as Pipiriki.

The old Pipiriki was originally on the right bank of the river, but owing to connection with the interior country, the township has sprung up on the opposite side. This place was of much importance during the Maori war, 1864—70. After the battles of Moutoa and Ohoutahi between the friendly Wanganui natives and the fanatical Hauhaus, the latter retreated to Pipiriki, where they were received by a very powerful native chief called Pehi Turoa. The Government determined to drive them from the district so an expedition of troops and friendly natives were sent up the river in canoes. Strangely enough the Hauhaus made no attempt to attack this party as they were poling through the gorge below Pipiriki, or they might have annihilated it by firing from the cliffs while they remained perfectly secure. The British forces occupied

the two fortified hills on the right bank, where the earth works can still be seen. The Hauhaus established themselves on a high hill called Puke-hinau, on the opposite side of the river and also on the sloping high ground now covered with manuka on the right bank. Fighting went on for many weeks, the British forces being at one time hard pressed for stores and ammunition. Major Brassey, who was in command, adopted various ingenious schemes for informing the authorities at Wanganui of his difficulties. Among others he wrote messages in Latin and putting them in corked bottles sent them down the river. (It does not seem that Pipiriki was in the prohibition area in those days). One of these messages picked up below the town by Mr G. F. Allen, being interpreted meant, "All are well, send ammunition immediately." This message was, of course, sent at once to the Militia Office, and both ammunition and stores were sent off as soon as possible, part of the way by steamer and part by canoes. The Moutoa was the steamer that assisted in this work, and although a sea-going two-masted paddle steamer, she succeeded in getting to Parikino, and later on in a flood she reached Pipiriki. Her colleague, the Gundagai, a side-wheel boat, once attained a point estimated to have been 40 miles above the town.

Behind Rangiahua there is a hill slope known as Karewarewa (the Sparrow-hawk). The Maoris say that when Major Brassey was defending Rangiahua, a party of Hauhaus came over the hills and occupied this slope, and from this position they fired down on the pakeha. Brassey replied with a sharp fusilade, and the Hauhaus performed their rites in front of their party to turn the bullets. In front of them all sprang a woman named Patu-wairua, who also commenced a haka with posturing and karakia. She pretended that she had a tohunga's power and was bullet proof, but the very first shot fired (the natives affirm by Col. McDonnell) the bullet struck her (below the chest) and although it killed her, her demise caused some amusement, and is still talked about by the Maoris of Pipiriki.

PLACES OF INTEREST NEAR PIPIRIKI.

The Old Mill.

Just below the hotel a little suspension bridge carries one over the Kaukore stream to the old flour mill, the original of which is said to have been built for the natives by Sir George Grey at the close of the first Maori war (about 1850). It is now used by Messrs

Hatrick and Co. to generate electric light for Pipiriki House. It is a pretty walk up the old mill race, but at times somewhat slippery.

Paparoa Fall.

A short distance up river from the wharf brings the Paparoa waterfall into view. In the summer time during a dry season this is of little interest, but when the creeks are swollen by weeks of rain, the sight is both picturesque and grand.

Up-River Caves.

A really beautiful sight are the caves, about three miles up river from the present township. The largest of these is called Puraroto, and it is not generally known that a second cavern can be reached through the water channel that opens into the first. It has the appearance of being hung with pink stalactites, but it may be iron or something that causes a similar colour and appearance. There are a few limestone caves on the Pipiriki-Raetihi road, but compared with Waitomo they are uninteresting.

The Dress Circle.

Some of the gorges in the vicinity are wildly beautiful. About three miles out from Pipiriki, on the Raetihi road, a vertical fern-clad curve drops down from the road, over 100 feet deep. This has been aptly named the "Dress Circle," and is typical of New Zealand gorge scenery.

Waiouru.

Waiouru is 39 miles from Pipiriki by good coach road. This was formerly a favourite place for arranging a mountain trip, a fairly good road taking one to the Wai-hohonu mountain hut on the eastern side of Ruapehu, and continuing to Tokaanu, the fisherman's paradise, where trout between 25 and 30 lbs are by no means uncommon. Places en route: Raetihi (railway), 16 miles; Ohakune, Main Trunk Line, 25 miles; Karioi, 33 miles. Since the road has been opened from Waimarino to Tokaanu, the Waiouru route has been practically abandoned. A fine view of the mountains can be seen from the Waipuna saddle, about nine miles from Pipiriki, also from Karewarewa—the high hill opposite Pipiriki, right bank.

High Flood Mark.

On the hill road leading to the hotel will be seen a permanent mark indicating the height of the river at the time of the 1904 flood. Coming down river in the height of summer, when one decides that the next visit will have to be made by aeroplane, it is hard to imagine that in the winter time, when all is gloom and fog, the rain comes and the storm, uprooting the giants of the hill sides and filling the valleys and watercourses with intricate masses of timber. In sympathy the river rises and rises—a turbid muddy current, gradually merging into a resistless flood of dismal power. With pitiless and terrible force it sweeps on its way, tearing and forcing through all the narrow places and obstacles, bearing on its bosom a mass of driftwood, stock, bridges and everything else that comes within its relentless grasp. What is man's puny work in a mighty flood, or even man himself? Caught in the avalanche of waters where the great cliffs endeavour to check the onward rush, mighty hands, hidden beneath the rushing flood, drag onwards faster and still faster while the raging waters boil in their furious headlong career, shaking and tossing the helpless victims of their might with a vicious strength from which there is no escape.

Ah, River! you can be cruel when rushing in your wrath, and few of us have any idea of the toll you have taken of our poor lives in the centuries gone by. Yet some of us who know you, love you in all your moods, even in your cruel anger, for even then you sometimes deign to smile, for do you not when in this frenzy carry wormth and comfort to hundreds of our town dwellers by carrying thousands upon thousands of cords of firewood to their very doors? But you are not always thus, a few short hours and you are at peace again, but as in human life your outbreak has left its mark, sometimes by changed channel, but always by heavy mud deposit from which the poor river man has no escape for many days.

Leaving Pipiriki for the last stage of the journey to Wanganui, a fine gorge is entered which extends nearly to Hiruharama or Jerusalem. In the rainy season seventeen waterfalls may be counted from one point in this gorge, most of them over 100 feet high.

Five miles below Pipiriki the steamer passes Ohoutahi, a fortified position which was held by the Hauhaus after their retreat from Moutoa (lower down river), and here they were again attacked and defeated by the friendly Wanganui natives. It was at this fight that Hoani Hipango or John Williams, as he was gen-

erally called by the Europeans, a trusted and constantly loyal Wanganui chief, met with his death wound.

Manga-porau, 50 Miles.

On the right bank we pass Manga-porau (a wool shed and station buildings will be noticed). As showing that old-time creeds still control the Maori mind the following story of how a stone axe was lately discovered on this place may be told.

Te Haha-paepae was a sister axe to Awhio-rangi, and it was brought by Turi to this land on the Aotea canoe. Like Awhio-rangi it was hidden in former times by our old tohunga to prevent it falling into common hands, as it was tapu and very sacred. It was hidden by some of the Patea people near an old kainga named Ta-whero, about eight miles back from the river at Manga-porau, near Murphy's present homestead, and there it was found after being lost for many generations, by Poura, son of Hurihuri-waka, who was sowing grass seed. This was in January, 1913. He found it at the foot of a large rata tree that had escaped the burn, and put it on one of the lower branches intending to get it later on, as he did not know at that time that it was tapu. The same evening he and a man named Karauti went back for it, but when they reached the place and went to take possession they found that a large green lizard (Kakariki) was guarding it. Thus they knew that it was no ordinary toki that had been discovered, so they went over to Hiruharama and told all the people, also Tamatea and Rotohiko Pauro, what they had seen. As the last mentioned men had descended from tohunga and knew the correct karakia for such occasions, they went out and performed the incantations necessary and so frightened the guardian lizard away. Then when Tamatea took the toki the rain came down and thunder filled the air, but in the midst of the storm he wrapped it up, put it in a kete, enclosed the whole in a pakeha sack and so carried it to Hiruharama. When he reached that place he again found the lizard was following, so the old men decided that the axe must be again hidden away from common eyes, therefore it was once more spirited away and only a few people now know the place where it is buried.

Hiruharama (Jerusalem), 49 Miles.

In the old days this place was a populous, well fortified pa called Pati-arero, and a great deal of fighting took place both here and on the opposite side of the river, Puke-hika, within the old walls of which there was at one time a very large church. Not a

High Flood Mark.

On the hill road leading to the hotel will be seen a permanent mark indicating the height of the river at the time of the 1904 flood. Coming down river in the height of summer, when one decides that the next visit will have to be made by aeroplane, it is hard to imagine that in the winter time, when all is gloom and fog, the rain comes and the storm, uprooting the giants of the hill sides and filling the valleys and watercourses with intricate masses of timber. In sympathy the river rises and rises—a turbid muddy current, gradually merging into a resistless flood of dismal power. With pitiless and terrible force it sweeps on its way, tearing and forcing through all the narrow places and obstacles, bearing on its bosom a mass of driftwood, stock, bridges and everything else that comes within its relentless grasp. What is man's puny work in a mighty flood, or even man himself? Caught in the avalanche of waters where the great cliffs endeavour to check the onward rush, mighty hands, hidden beneath the rushing flood, drag onwards faster and still faster while the raging waters boil in their furious headlong career, shaking and tossing the helpless victims of their might with a vicious strength from which there is no escape.

Ah, River! you can be cruel when rushing in your wrath, and few of us have any idea of the toll you have taken of our poor lives in the centuries gone by. Yet some of us who know you, love you in all your moods, even in your cruel anger, for even then you sometimes deign to smile, for do you not when in this frenzy carry wormth and comfort to hundreds of our town dwellers by carrying thousands upon thousands of cords of firewood to their very doors? But you are not always thus, a few short hours and you are at peace again, but as in human life your outbreak has left its mark, sometimes by changed channel, but always by heavy mud deposit from which the poor river man has no escape for many days.

Leaving Pipiriki for the last stage of the journey to Wanganui, a fine gorge is entered which extends nearly to Hiruharama or Jerusalem. In the rainy season seventeen waterfalls may be counted from one point in this gorge, most of them over 100 feet high.

Five miles below Pipiriki the steamer passes Ohoutahi, a fortified position which was held by the Hauhaus after their retreat from Moutoa (lower down river), and here they were again attacked and defeated by the friendly Wanganui natives. It was at this fight that Hoani Hipango or John Williams, as he was gen-

erally called by the Europeans, a trusted and constantly loyal Wanganui chief, met with his death wound.

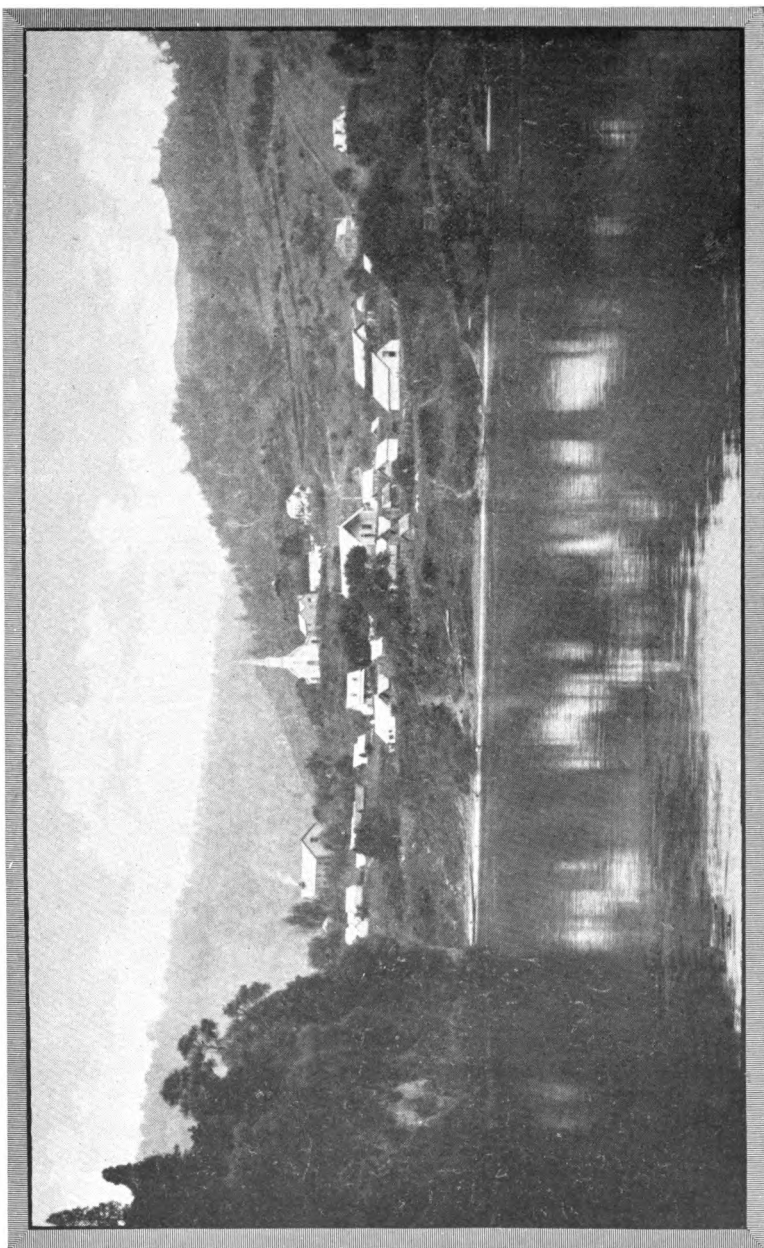
Manga-porau, 50 Miles.

On the right bank we pass Manga-porau (a wool shed and station buildings will be noticed). As showing that old-time creeds still control the Maori mind the following story of how a stone axe was lately discovered on this place may be told.

Te Haha-paepae was a sister axe to Awhio-rangi, and it was brought by Turi to this land on the Aotea canoe. Like Awhio-rangi it was hidden in former times by our old tohunga to prevent it falling into common hands, as it was tapu and very sacred. It was hidden by some of the Patea people near an old kainga named Tawhero, about eight miles back from the river at Manga-porau, near Murphy's present homestead, and there it was found after being lost for many generations, by Poura, son of Hurihuri-waka, who was sowing grass seed. This was in January, 1913. He found it at the foot of a large rata tree that had escaped the burn, and put it on one of the lower branches intending to get it later on, as he did not know at that time that it was tapu. The same evening he and a man named Karauti went back for it, but when they reached the place and went to take possession they found that a large green lizard (Kakariki) was guarding it. Thus they knew that it was no ordinary toki that had been discovered, so they went over to Hiruharama and told all the people, also Tamatea and Rotohiko Pauro, what they had seen. As the last mentioned men had descended from tohunga and knew the correct karakia for such occasions, they went out and performed the incantations necessary and so frightened the guardian lizard away. Then when Tamatea took the toki the rain came down and thunder filled the air, but in the midst of the storm he wrapped it up, put it in a kete, enclosed the whole in a pakeha sack and so carried it to Hiruharama. When he reached that place he again found the lizard was following, so the old men decided that the axe must be again hidden away from common eyes, therefore it was once more spirited away and only a few people now know the place where it is buried.

Hiruharama (Jerusalem), 49 Miles.

In the old days this place was a populous, well fortified pa called Pati-arero, and a great deal of fighting took place both here and on the opposite side of the river, Puke-hika, within the old walls of which there was at one time a very large church. Not a



HIRUHARAMA (Jerusalem).

long stretches of wild and magnificent country lately passed through.

Kauae-roa (The Long Jaw), 47 Miles.

Kauae-roa is a small settlement known as Kauae-roa on the right bank, just below a rather stiff rapid bearing the same name. Formerly there was a pretty church built in the style frequently seen in Normandy; there was also a flour mill, and in the pre-steamer days when travellers, wearied with the slow progress and hard work of poling up river in canoes, and longing for a little sign of civilization again, turning the point above the rapid below, suddenly caught sight of the white spire and gilded cross at Kauae-roa; it was a delightful sight and sensation, never to be forgotten. The splendid orchard planted by Father Lampila still remains to show where he passed a large part of his self-sacrificing life. He lived here for many years with no European companion except lay-brother Euloge, who was afterwards killed at the battle of Moutoa. Here, close to the river, is a warm mineral spring known as Mangapuhia. The following is an analysis of the water:—Clear, colourless, of decidedly alkaline reaction, 42.82 grs. of fixed salts, and 2.14 grs. of organic matter per gallon. The fixed salts are composed principally of soda and chloride of sodium. Lime and sulphuric acid occur only in traces; no iodine. The water is very soft and belongs to the class of mineral waters, but is of no great strength.

Below Kauae-roa the river widens out and the slopes are more gradual.

Tawhiti-nui, 45 Miles.

Tawhiti-nui is a small kainga with carved wharepuni or meeting house. The old pa on the hill behind is now used as a cemetery. An old Maori track from Waitotara strikes the river here. By this path the Hauhaus came across before the battle of Moutoa. Before the surrounding bush was cut down this place was generally recognised as the most picturesque kainga on the river. It was built by a man named Tumokai, upwards of 200 years ago, and the great defensive earth works, although much broken and worn, can still be detected from the passing steamer. Tumokai came from the East Coast, and brought the name Tawhiti-nui (which is one of the oldest names in Maori history) with him. He also named the defence works that he threw up after his old home Te Awa-o-te-Atua (the River of the Great Spirit). He was the cause of a great

deal of fighting in the district, and was eventually killed by the Wanganui people.

BATTLE OF MOUTOA.

Moutoa.

Moutoa Island (said to be a bit of Taranaki that was broken off at the time of his memorable flight) is a little below Tawhiti-nui, the deep channel of the river being between that place and the island. It is diamond shaped, being about half a mile long and near the middle some ten chains wide. The whole island is now overgrown with willows which unfortunately hide to some extent this historic and interesting battlefield. Between Tawhiti-nui and the upper end of Moutoa is a strong deep rapid, and between the lower end and Ranana, another, but shallower rapid.

In the beginning of May, 1864, a party of Hauhaus numbering between 130 and 140 came to Tawhiti-nui, and finding that place deserted, occupied the pa. The river people having heard of the approach of the war party abandoned all the places between Hiruharama and Moutoa and met in force at Ranana (London), just below the island. The Hauhaus sent word to the Wanganui Maoris at Ranana that they wished to go down to the Wanganui township. The Ranana men sent messengers back enquiring for what purpose. After some equivocation the Hauhaus admitted that their object was "to drive the white men into the sea whence they had come." The Wanganui people refused to allow them to pass, and it was arranged—Maori fashion—that a fight should take place on Moutoa the following day. On the following morning, May 14th, 1864, the Wanganui people, nearly 400 strong, divided their force so that only a hundred men were placed on the island to resist the attack, the rest occupied the left bank of the river, where they were far too distant to render any assistance that might be required. The 100 men on the island were divided into four parties, each under a chief, but fifty of these were posted at the lower end of the island, also too far away to give any effective assistance. Why such a small party was detached to fight 130 Hauhaus, mad with fanaticism and possessing a thorough belief in their own invulnerability, is very hard to say, for the Maori as a rule usually displayed great generalship; but we admire their courage if we do not understand their methods.

The Hauhaus warriors drove their canoes high on to the shingle and sprang from them like men confident of success. Wanganui allowed them to land so as to take no advantage, and then the ad-

vance guard fired a volley at 30 yards, but such was the marksman-ship that not one Hauhaus fell, and consequently the superstitious belief of their opponents' invulnerability was intensified. The Hauhaus then returned the fire, killing two Wanganui men, at the same time charging and shouting their war-cry, "Hau, hau! Pai marire!" (Hau, hau, seems to be the imitation of a dog's bark and Pai marire may be translated good and peaceful, no doubt very appropriate from their point of view). At this moment a lay-brother of the Catholic Church, Brother Euloge, rushed forward and implored the Hauhaus to stop fighting, but a bullet quickly laid him beside the other two Wanganui men who had fallen. Wanganui fled before the overwhelming numbers and some of them crossed the lower rapid in disorderly retreat. Two-thirds of the island were thus gained, and the battle seemed lost to Wanganui, when suddenly a Wanganui man called out, "I will retreat no farther!" and he actually succeeded in rallying his people, who turned back on the oncoming flood with such fury that the attack was stemmed and the Hauhaus driven back to the north end of the island. As they had not had time to re-load they were followed by the tomahawks of their pursuers and exposed to the cross fire from the ambush on the left bank. A panic seized them when they found they were falling and they plunged into the river not waiting to launch their canoes. Some were tomahawked in the water, others were shot. The Hauhaus leader was observed swimming for his life so a man named Te Mooro set after him in pursuit, caught him by the hair, just as he reached the opposite bank, and towing the body back threw it at the feet of the Wanganui leaders, saying "There is your fish." Some of the Hauhaus escaped into the bush and a few retreated up - river, but more than fifty were killed and buried on the island and 20 more taken prisoners. The Wanganui losses were 16 killed and about 30 wounded.

The remnant of the defeated Hauhaus retreated to Hiruharama, where they were joined by others of their sect. The friendly natives hearing of this went up and again defeated them at Ohoutahi, about a mile above Hiruharama. It was here that the well-known and greatly respected Hoani Wiremu Hipango, a gentleman who had previously accompanied the Rev. Richard Taylor, one of the early missionaries, to England, met his death wound. The Hauhaus then retired to Pipiriki, where they held out for some time, as described earlier in these notes, but were at length driven eastward where they were roughly handled by another tribe of friendly natives, the Arawas. On the island the recent growth of poplars

and 50 years of gale and flood have entirely obliterated every trace of the trenches where both friend and foe are lying, but the memory of the brave defence offered by a handful of men to help their white brothers should ever remain green in the hearts of the citizens of Wanganui. A handsome and imposing monument was erected by public subscription to the memory of those who gave their lives on that occasion, which stands in the beautiful public garden known as Moutoa Gardens, in front of the Court House.

Ranana (London), 44 Miles.

Just below Moutoa Island on the left bank, the spire of a little church heralds another Maori settlement and Roman Catholic mission station. This was formerly a very important place with several hundred inhabitants, but here as elsewhere the Maoris have dwindled away till they would scarcely be recognised as a people by their ancestors of two or three generations ago, could they return.

It is said that when peace was made some few years after the battle of Moutoa, 300 Hauhaus, men, women and children came to visit the Ranana people, who then numbered about 400. Every man, woman and child of the Hauhaus was prostrated with influenza, and the Ranana folk nursed them, until they in their turn contracted the epidemic, when their old enemies, who had then recovered, tended them in return. Here are now a few well-built houses, a little church, whare-puni or meeting-house. On the hills behind the present settlement can be seen the earthworks of three old pa; Pouorongo, Huha-tahi and Te Pakira. Huha-tahi meaning one thigh, was so named because in the days long past a man was killed and eaten at this spot by a war party from the Waitotara district. One of his thighs was lost in the river as the body was being washed for culinary purposes, and was caught in an eel weir further down the river, but of this, more anon. Te Pakira was the place where a well known old chieftain called Hori Kingi planted the Moutoa flag when the island fight took place, calling the spot after himself, for he, unlike most old Maori men, was bald. This old gentleman was one of the natives who signed the Treaty of Waitangi, almost the only one who could write.

Ranana is the landing place for the Morikau Farm, which is under the able management of Mr Gregor McGregor, on behalf of the Aotea Land Board for the native owners. It is a fine block of easy country, containing upwards of 15,000 acres.

Kawana, 42 Miles.

On the left bank another old water-powered flourmill can be seen, but the modern galvanised iron with which it has been sheathed does not improve its picturesqueness. It is another of Sir George Grey's mills, and is still in fair order, though it has not been worked for many years. It is situated at a place called Kawana (Governor) probably after Sir George. The mill stones were a present from Sir George Grey, and the mill itself was for many years run by the late Mr Richard Pestell. The kainga is scarcely visible from the river.

Karatia (Galatia), 40 Miles.

Just before the steamer reaches this settlement an islet is passed with rapid water on both sides. On the right bank in a vagrant channel lies the wreck of the stern wheel steamer "Tuhua," which was built by Mr Murray, of Wanganui, for the up-river trade. She was almost as large as the "Wairere," but came to grief on the rocky channel of the Parangarahau rapid, and there her bones have remained ever since, and can be seen at low water.

Karatia is a small kainga with but few inhabitants, but should the traveller land he will be rewarded by seeing a splendidly carved meeting-house and pataka or store-house, as well as other items of interest. Nearby is the old fortified pa, Hikurangi, now used as a burying ground. The remains of the old maioro show the extent of the fortifications and how strong these old-time works must have been.

Some generations ago an old chief named Rua-ma-tatoa came down to inspect his eel baskets which were fixed to an eel weir just below this pa. The old man found a man's leg had come down the river during the night and was caught in his "poha" (a net leading to the eel basket). No doubt, thanking the gods for his good fortune, he took this extra choice morsel up to the pa and devoured it. No sooner was it demolished than word was brought in that it was a relative's leg that he had eaten. A man named Tama-tu-pere had been captured by a foraging party, and after cutting him up they had carelessly lost one of his legs as they were washing it by the river side. This was the old man's find, and the use to which it was unwittingly put caused a civil or tribal war and the death of a great number of people. The place where the pa-tuna or eel weir formerly stood is now called Te-peke-o-Tama-tu-pere (the leg of Tama-tu-pere).

Matahiwi, 39 Miles.

On the opposite side of the river is the modern kainga, Matahiwi, near the site of the old Ohotu pa. Here a road strikes across country to the Manga-where River and from there north or south to Raetihi or Wanganui. Here has lately been erected a partially-carved meeting house.

Ruapirau.

About half a mile lower down the river a neat little suspension bridge will be noticed on the left bank. This is the Rua-pirau creek, in former times the lair of a man-eating taniwha named Otara-huru, who according to the old natives, was responsible for the death of many people. When it became known that his practice was to destroy men, a certain tohunga or priest hurled such a powerful karakia against him that he retreated up stream and gave up the ghost, and there turned into stone he now lies in an inaccessible hole, with his mouth, ears and eyes as perfect as when in life.

There are the remains of two fine old pa south of the stream, as usual with these deserted places containing many graves. An old kainga and cemetery called Puapua occupies a fine position on the right bank immediately opposite the stream. The rapid at Rua-pirau was formerly safe and deep, but owing to an extensive block of timber being forced out of the creek during a high flood a few years ago, the place is now difficult to navigate in very low water.

Operiki 37 Miles.

Sixteen miles or so below Pipiriki we pass the ancient pa, Operiki, left bank, probably the finest specimen on the river. A bank of boulders and a pretty little waterfall and tall poplars indicate the position. It is, or rather was, also used as a burying ground, and having reverted to bush a square block of trees will further assist in its location. Until a few years ago there was a picturesque water-wheel and mill behind the pa, but unfortunately this was destroyed by a jamb of timber during a high flood seven or eight years ago. The earthworks of this old fort are almost as perfect as when erected and are still some 12 feet in height. One side is on the cliff overlooking the river and the other three are each about six chains long. Although besieged many times in the old Maori days this pa was never taken. Once only did an enemy succeed in entering. On a cold dark night when rain and hail squalls were drifting down from the forest-clad hills above, a hostile party outwitted the

sentinels and crept within the defences. Half frozen they crouched round a deserted fire to try and bring some circulation into their limbs before commencing their attack on the sleeping pa, but a woman detected whispering outside and quietly warned the garrison. That war party never returned.

Another party from Waikato came down the river in canoes and invested the pa. They camped on the sloping ground called *Manukaroa*, up stream, and on the opposite side of the river. Unable to take the place by force of arms they resorted to stratagem. In the night they placed some of their men in hiding, and when morning dawned appeared to be taken with sudden fright and fled pell-mell, leaving their food cooking in the ovens, and all their belongings behind. The Operiki natives nearly fell into the trap as several of them crossed the river to investigate and were all but captured.

Finding the place could not be taken by stratagem, Waikato constructed a huge shield. This was a frame of strong saplings closely wattled with supplejacks and manuka till it was almost a solid roof. Under the protection of this "rangi," ten or twelve men commenced to undermine the huge walls of the place, but heavy beams and great rocks quickly demolished their careful work and the courageous Waikato men were crushed in a trap of their own making. An old song or "waiata," is still occasionally sung telling how Waikato came down at this time and what was the end of that war party. The end we will omit.

Footnote.—This was a plan used by the Romans and early European nations until the invention of gunpowder. The latter called it "The Sow."

Koriniti, 36 Miles.

Half a mile below Operiki we come to Koriniti, Anglice: Corinth, one of the largest of the present native settlements. The original name of this place was Otu-Kopiri, the present name of a stream that flows into the river on the opposite bank over a very stony bed. According to tradition this stream was for many years frequented by a taniwha named Te Maru. His usual haunt was just below Koriniti, where he used to lie among the logs, but no very vicious habits are recorded concerning the monster—possibly they are forgotten.

Koriniti boasts a very fine carved wharepuni, where among other ancestors, Pa-moana, the builder of the Operiki pa, is depicted by one of the carved figures.

Half a mile below Koriniti a large white building will be noticed. This is a Government schoolhouse, built for native children. There are others at Pipiriki, attendance about 60, Hiruharama 30, Ranana 20, Koriniti 25, and Parikino 25. The same standard of education as in European schools is adopted, and the children show a greater ability and more aptitude than most European children.

Mangatoa, 35 Miles.

Another half mile and a few karaka trees, left bank, herald the site of another deserted pa (with graves) on the Mangatoa creek. This was the scene of a great victory for the Wanganui natives somewhere about 100 years ago. A great warrior named Tuwhare had been defeated far up the river as related in the earlier pages of this journal, and a party under another great chief named Tukorehu came along with an army of 600 men to wipe out that defeat. About 15 miles lower down the river they captured a woman with a little child. She promised that if her life was spared and her child left to her she would lead the party to where her cousins had hidden a quantity of greenstone in a dark ravine. The bait took, and she was bidden "lead on." She took the whole party up the creek at Mangatoa, having advised her friends at the pa above how to act. The ravine very quickly develops perpendicular cliffs between one and two hundred feet high, but so narrow that they can be touched at the bottom in places with outstretched hands. She led the party in single file into this death-trap, which widens out into a fairly large basin a mile or so from the mouth, but closes in again to a narrow pass which could be held by one good man against a hundred. The Wanganui men from the pa above, when once they had their enemies fairly in the middle of the gulch, held both ends and with the exception of six men who climbed up the cliffs on the overhanging vegetation, the entire party was cut off. The old cooking stones still lying in heaps in and around the old pa, were hot for many a day and the people of Te Ponga had their larders supplied so that for upwards of a month they required nothing more than an occasional kumera for their meat. Another old song celebrates this victory. (It must be understood that the Maori is greatly given to exaggeration. Probably there would not be more than quarter of this number killed, and the leader whom they affirm was slain here afterwards died near New Plymouth).

Ahuahu, 32 Miles.

The next place of interest is the Ahuahu stream, where the tourist will probably see a number of settlers with dogs and pack

but save a few fruit trees scarce a vestige remains of it in a place that was once throbbing with life and activity. Song, story, tradition and legend still sleep in the valley and murmur along the tributary, but the river Maori is gone. The men who lived in the almost forgotten past are now sleeping their last sleep within their old pa above the river that was life to them, undisturbed by the invading pakeha and unmolested by his climbing flock. Almost on every point along the river clustering fern trees and tall poplar-like rewarewa indicate the remains of old-time pa or kainga; of military stronghold or domestic garden; of burial ground or karaka grove, all reminding us of a day of romance that will never dawn again. The music of the Maori race still sounds in some of the full vowelled names we hear as we pass along, but even these when pronounced by European lips are sadly mutilated and distorted.

About fourteen generations ago Maori history tells us that a huge taniwha held possession of this stream. According to description he was near akin to our crocodile or alligator, and was a man-eater of great capacity. He caught and despatched party after party of berry gatherers or pigeon snarers until he became so dreaded that no one would go near the place. One day a man named Tara-whiti came through from Waitotara along the old Ahuahu track, not knowing that Manga-puera, for such was the monster's name, had taken possession. As he journeyed along he became thirsty, and climbing up from the creek after drinking his fill, he had the misfortune to disturb the taniwha, who immediately gave chase. Finding he was unable to escape, the man climbed a miro tree, from which place of security he chopped off one after another the four legs of the taniwha, as the beast made its gigantic efforts to dislodge him. Maddened with pain the taniwha made one supreme effort to destroy the man; he made a mighty sweep with his tail, but misjudged his strength and swept off not only the tree and man but the whole hill side. A terrific land slip was the result, proof of which can be seen to-day. If the traveller wishes to prove the truth of this story or dig for taniwha bones, which, by the bye, are buried so deep by successive slips, that it would be almost useless to excavate at this late date; he can easily find this ancient land slip perhaps two miles back from the river.

Until quite recent years there lived an old man named Tuka-orangi of the Ngati-pa tribe at this place. During the night of a great flood in 1891, he left his whare and went down to see that his canoes were quite safe. In the darkness he fell into the stream and

was never again seen. He was a splendid specimen of the old-time Maori; tall, superbly built, a commanding figure, of keen intellect, and among the Maori people respected and revered for his great "mana"—prestige, power.

Pukupuku, 30 Miles.

About one and a half miles below Ahuahu, on the same bank, there is the remains of an old kainga named Pukupuku. A great number of quince trees mark the spot, which, however, is scarcely discernable from the river. Here formerly dwelt an old man named Takaka, who on one occasion offended the dieties by killing and eating an albino tui. The man was immediately spirited away by his "atua" to Ruapehu, where he lived for some months amid the ice and snow on his own blood. When he again reached home he was in a semi-dazed condition and later when seen by some Europeans, about 1875, was nothing but skin and bone.

Just below the next rapid and before the bluff is reached, there is on the right bank a peculiar shaped rock known as Te Arero-o-Hine-tai (a young lady's tongue). Look at the rock and you will think it rather hard on the girls.

Atene (Athens), 29 Miles.

The picturesque situation of this one-time native settlement is considered by many to be the prettiest bend of the lower river. Here an old course of the river joins the present bed on the left side, going round a hill, Puke-tapu, covered with graves and showing the "maioro" of an ancient pa. This is where the river used to run before Taranaki broke through between the bluff (Kakata) and Puketapu, after his battle with the other mountains.

In the kainga can be seen a fair example of a carved meeting-house, but the Maori who used to meet there in council or passed the time in convivial and communistic idleness is gone. Two or three little cottages are all that remain of a populous little village. A taniwha named Kakata once used to besport himself in the deep water beneath the bluff, but he has apparently vanished, no one knows where, probably followed the Maori to Te Reinga (the spirit world).

Ohui, 28 Miles.

A small modern kainga on the right bank is known as Ohui. Nearly opposite this place a land slip occurred in the winter of 1912, which threw itself right across the river on to a shingle bank that is exposed during low water.

Pitangi, 26 Miles.

The Upoko-poito, with its sharp bend around a stoney island on the left, and Au-o-kura, where a small creek called Pitangi enters the river on the left, are swift and shallow rapids. The traveller obtains but a poor idea of these river rapids when descending in a large steamer. To be impressed by their power and grandeur one should make a trip up stream, and if poling in a small canoe the experience should prove exciting enough to please the most ardent sport. Just below the creek a cliff composed almost entirely of gigantic oyster shells can be seen—*Austra ingens* Zitt. Outcrops of these shells occur along the river and some of its tributaries; some of these shell faces are acres in extent. We have searched diligently for porter bottles among these relics of a bygone age, but have come to the conclusion that even in those days the prohibition area must have been gazetted—and observed.

Whakau-rua-waka, 24 Miles.

A small kainga where a school house was built by the Government for native children some years ago. The Maoris showed so little interest in the free education offered that after three or four years' trial the schoolmaster was withdrawn. On the opposite side, right bank, another small kainga known as Pae-tawa is struggling for existence. A pa on the left bank hills was formerly known as Arero-o-te-uru.

Parikino, 22 Miles.

The proper name of the present village on the left bank is Kai-tangata (eat man), from an incident that happened about 100 years ago, when an unfortunate prisoner was cooked in a kumara pit. The bad cliff and the kainga named after it are on the right bank. Just below the present village on the left bank can be seen the ancient earthworks of a fine old pa called Tuke-a-Maui. Shortly before Europeans settled in the country this place was invested by the Rangitikei natives and after a seige of several weeks was taken by the palisadings being dragged down by strong ropes and concerted action, and the inhabitants either killed or taken as slaves. Some of the weapons captured on that occasion are still proudly treasured by members of the Ngati Apa tribe. From the cliff where a neat little native school can now be seen, there jumped one of the garrison when the pa fell. Being hotly pursued and cornered, he shouted back a yell of defiance and jumped fully 100 feet into

the river. His revengeful pursuer, reaching the top, called after him, "I'll get you yet, and when I do get you I'll eat you, hair and all." The unfortunate man was afterwards caught at the Turakia-ahiahi pa behind Upoko-ngaro; the threat was made good, he was literally eaten "hair and all."

There is a taniwha that inhabits the whirlpool at the top end of the cliff; but beyond swallowing a bale of wool, the writer has not heard of any evil practices.

Round about this quarter and for the next five or six miles, fallow deer are common and can occasionally be seen from the river steamer.

Pungarchu.

Half a mile or so further down stream we pass Puke-rimu and Punga-rehu kainga, left bank, and Kapukapu (old pa) now deserted on the right. All of these places contain many graves. On a high hill above Punga-rehu there is a rock concerning which the following is told:—Twenty generations ago a woman named Hine-toro fled from her husband in Taranaki, owing to continued ill-treatment. The revengeful man hunted for her all over the district, and the woman took up her daily task of watching from this hill in case he should appear. One day he suddenly surprised her and she had to jump to the river to save herself, but from her great set-off or spring her left foot sunk deep into the stone, which mark remains as silent evidence.

Mahitihiti.

At Mahitihiti, the river valley which for the past ten miles has lain north and south, takes a sharp bend to the west, and for the next ten miles is very winding. A road will be noticed leading to the brow of the hill. From this track a man walking can reach Upoko-ngaro, a settlement seven miles from town, almost as soon as the river steamer. Ramahiku (with Aspen poplars), Kanihinihi (showing some fine Maori cuts on the ridge), and Maramara-totara (opposite the park) are all deserted Maori places on picturesque sites.

Potakataka or Hipango Park, 16 Miles.

The old Potakataka pa contained in the beautiful reserve now known as Hipango Park, is about 41 miles from Pipiriki. This park was presented to the people of Wanganui by Mr Walter Williams, a son of Wirimu Hipango, who was in the early days a strong friend

to the early settlers and who gave up his life in their interests after the Moutoa fight. This place will be recognised by an island of shingle just above and a notice board can easily be distinguished from the river. There are some fine flats on the property and as it is within a reasonable distance of Wanganui it is greatly patronised by launch owners and picnic parties, especially on holidays.

There is a stone in the river here, only visible at very low water, that is an historic landmark to the natives. It is called Otu-maori. The story is too long to be told here. A very brief outline is as follows:—A woman named Whaki-tapui, owing to some family friction, fled from her Taranaki home, seeking protection from a Wanganui man named Tu-rere-ao, of whose fame she had heard but whom she had never seen. He met her and was taking her with his party by canoe up river, when the husband Paihau came along. When the party looked across from their camping place on Mararama-totara in the early morning, behold! there was Paihau standing on this rock waiting. After the customary ceremonial greetings he made a speech giving his wife to the new husband and making some provision for her children. Some very great Wanganui chiefs sprang from this union. Divorce seems to have been as easy in those times as it is to-day.

Raorikia (Laodicia), 14 Miles.

Raorikia (on right bank, and Kuamoa, a present-day native kainga, on the left. The Kauara-paoa stream joins the river at this point, and Major Kemp's pole can be seen, accompanied by graves, within the precincts of an old pa called Matai-kai. This place is one of the prettiest as well as the most historic spots on the river.

When the great native explorer Kupe first discovered New Zealand, about the same time that William the Conqueror invaded England, he came up the river as far as this place, searching for men, whom he failed to find. Arrived here, he sent his slave, Arapaoa, across the river to get some "korau," a sort of wild turnip, that he saw growing on the opposite bank. The river was in flood and the man was drowned, but as he was disappearing Kupe called out, "Kau, Arapaoa" (Swim, Arapaoa). Hence the name. Here are the great earth-works of two old pa, Matai-kai and Rangi-i-runga. The former is now a burying ground covered with blackberry and huge karaka trees, while here and there the tall mamaku (tree fern), with its ever-beautiful fronds tosses with the wind like waving plumes over the grave of the nameless warrior, taking his long last rest.

It may be mentioned that blackberry, in common with other noxious weeds, has become a difficult problem in some parts of the river. Planted originally in common with other fruit trees in the native settlements, the imported birds have done, and are doing, the rest, but the end is not yet. Goats have been placed in large numbers in some of the affected districts, particularly Ranana; these animals hold the weed in check, but it is doubtful if they will ever eradicate it.

When the great Te Heuheu of Taupo visited the Wanganui district about 1845, having come down with the intention of attacking Waitotara in revenge for a fight called Pa-toka, he was turned from his purpose by the early missionaries. Not to be entirely outdone he called at Matai-kai on his way back to his own place, and hearing that a Waitotara man (or possibly only connected with Waitotara) had died there some three or four days previously, he had him dug up, took him down to a clay bank at the edge of the river below Kemp's pole, washed him free from clay and dirt (cleanly fellow), then cooked and devoured him. No revenge was ever obtained for this insult by Waitotara, but the god of the Maori gave judgment, for shortly afterwards, in 1846, a huge landslip came down at Te Rapa that overwhelmed the great Taupo chief, his six wives and most of his people.

Another incident that may be interesting happened here, which gives an idea of the epicurian dainties upon which the old-time Maori sometimes regaled himself. A native account is somewhat as follows:—Waikato came down the river at the time the Ngere-ngere or Rewarewa was running riot through the district. This disease covered its victims with sores, and those that escaped death carried the marks of the scourge for the rest of their lives. (Probably the small-pox, introduced by sailors about the close of the 18th century. The Rewarewa is the name of a timber covered closely with spots—*Knightia excelsa*). Whaka-rewarewa, at Rotorua, is said to have obtained its name from this plague.

When the people heard that the war party was approaching they were so weak from disease and starvation that they were unable to meet an enemy, so fled to the hills, leaving the pa to be ransacked and destroyed. Waikato at length arrived; the river could not be seen for their canoes, but being so numerous they were hard pressed for food. They rested at the old pa above Kemp's pole and desecrated the dead bodies of those who had been lying unburied, for the people were too weak to properly bewail and bury their dead. After these bodies had been mocked and insulted, they

dug up some of the dead who had been interred and treated them in a like manner. As soon as Waikato departed south, the wail of stricken women was heard and carried from pa to pa; signal fires were lit on the hills above; the trumpet and drum echoed far along the quiet reaches, and in response to the call for help a great war party met together as one man—hence the proverb, “An unravelled rope spliced up again.” The Waikato people endeavoured to retrace their steps. Wanganui and Waikato met. Waikato returned no more. The dishonoured dead have been revenged.

It is said that a well-known chief of two generations back, named Kuru-kaanga, jumped across the creek here at its mouth at full tide, when hemmed in by enemies. This incident may have given rise to the name of the point, “Kupenga”—a net.

KEMP'S POLE.

It is generally thought that this carved post was erected by Major Kemp to show how far Europeans could go up the river. This is incorrect. Mr Gregor McGregor states that in the year 1880, the late Major Kemp saw that the lands of his people were fast disappearing, and conceived the idea of forming the whole of the Wanganui native land into one big trust, to be managed by a council elected or selected by the people. The solicitors for the Trust were Messrs Sievewright and Stout. A large number of natives signed the document, which was drawn up by the solicitors, but as means of communication were at that time bad and a very large number of signatures, if not of all adults, were required, the people got dissatisfied and out of hand, as they were selling their lands and getting cash, and I believe, unfortunately for the Wanganui natives, it fell through. The lands included in this Trust were defined by erecting a carved post at each of the four corners, viz.: The one now standing at the mouth of the Kau-arapaoa stream, one at Te Reureu, one at a point near Moa-whango, the fourth on the Waitotara river. There was an aukati, a line beyond which Europeans were forbidden to go, but this was at Parinui, or at that time generally known by the name Utapu. The native in charge of this aukati was Taumata-mahoe, after whom the Taumata-mahoe block was named.

The Quarries, 12 Miles.

One mile below Raorikia the quarries appear, from which place shell rock is taken down the river in punts to be deposited at the mouth of the river in the formation of walls, which are slowly

deepening the bar and forming a harbour. Perched away up on the hills above, the earthworks of another old pa can be distinguished, but beyond the name, Ohokio (Hokio, a bird fabled, or extinct, described as like an eagle), we can learn nothing of the place. Who built the pa, who lived there, what fights took place, when it was abandoned—all is lost in oblivion. We think the "Eagle's Nest" would have been a better name for the place, for how the old Maori got up and down to these inaccessible places without wings we can't imagine. Perhaps they had wings, who knows? It is said that a Wanganui man or perhaps a brown angel, named Tama-ahua, used to fly backwards and forwards from Wanganui to Waitotara. It is also believed that a man came to this district from his fatherland on the back of a flying taniwha. Perhaps they kept one of these animals below Ohokio as a sort of lift. Who can tell?

Opposite the quarries, Poutama (now an orchard) is passed, also Rakato, a picturesque little kainga where the bright-robed wahine wave to us as though we were their greatest friends on earth.

Aromanga, 11 Miles.

Just below Rakato, on the same side, is situated the old fighting pa, Aromanga. Watch for the first outcrop of perpendicular rock where some quarrying has taken place, for above you are the remains of a pa that was both strong and picturesque. About ten generations ago a great warrior named Tu-whaka-turi came from the East Coast, married a Wanganui woman, built the stronghold, and settled here. After a time a war party came through from the Waitotara district on a food-hunting expedition, and during the dark hours of a stormy night, gained the defences. The chief of the pa gathered all his people into a strong meeting-house, from the verandah of which he was able to spear any of the enemy who attempted to enter. When the assaulting party found they were unable to burn or pull the house down, they determined to dig it up all round where the timbers were sunk in the ground, and throw it over the cliff bodily, so as to leave the inmates exposed. They set to work and toiled all through the night, and at early dawn were all ready to lift. Turi, the old chief, knew what was going on. He considered; then he spoke:—"Your enemies are about to lift the house; do you, my children, assist them from the inside, but have your weapons ready. They will be weaponless, devoting all their energies to the work. Then rush out upon them. Let not one

escape." The house went over the cliff. Wanganui rushed out upon their startled and exhausted enemies. Ah! the taiaha, powhenua and mere ponamu did good work that day. Those who escaped by leaping from the battlements were chased, and their path marked by dead men. Ere nightfall all the exhausted Aromanga warriors had returned, each dragging his fallen foe. A huge whata or stage was erected along the entire length of the pa and the dead were suspended by the feet in pairs to the upper rail. This is the reason why the fight was called "Whata-raparapa—raparapa, the sole of the foot. Then commenced a feast, but so numerous were the slain, that although much flesh was distributed among the neighbouring pa, it was not till many days had passed before all was consumed.

The pa was a strong one, admirably situated, well fortified, and from the river unassailable. It has now partly reverted to bush, the graceful yellow-flowering kowhai occupying the flat, and masses of dark tawhero and tawai interspersed with the lesser but brighter korimiko and rangiora, the slopes and valleys, and the glamour of departed days over all.

Almost opposite this old place on the Kakawai stream can be seen the site of another flour mill, erected for the natives by Sir George Grey, about 1850. But it is a memory only. The little stream still runs pure, cold and unfailing, but not a vestige of the mill remains, and even the site can only be traced with difficulty.

Kaiwhaiki, 10 Miles.

Half a mile or so below Aromanga, the canoes, houses and dogs herald another, practically the last of the native villages.

Mr Gregor McGregor tells the following story of some pit sawyers at this place:—"It was near Kai-whaiki that most of the timber used by the early Wanganui settlers for the erection of their houses was obtained. Of course, there were no mills in those days and all timber had to be cut by hand. While some of these men were working here, a Maori death occurred in the pa, and a tangi was taking place, the body, as usual, lying on mats in the marae, or courtyard, of the pa. While the feast was in progress great consternation was occasioned by the supposed corpse slowly sitting up and looking around. Anyone who knows anything of the superstitious Maori can imagine the uproar and stampede that immediately took place. Kai-whaiki was then, in common with all the important pa of those days, fortified by a great fence or palisade of tall pointed manuka stakes. When the rush took place, the exits

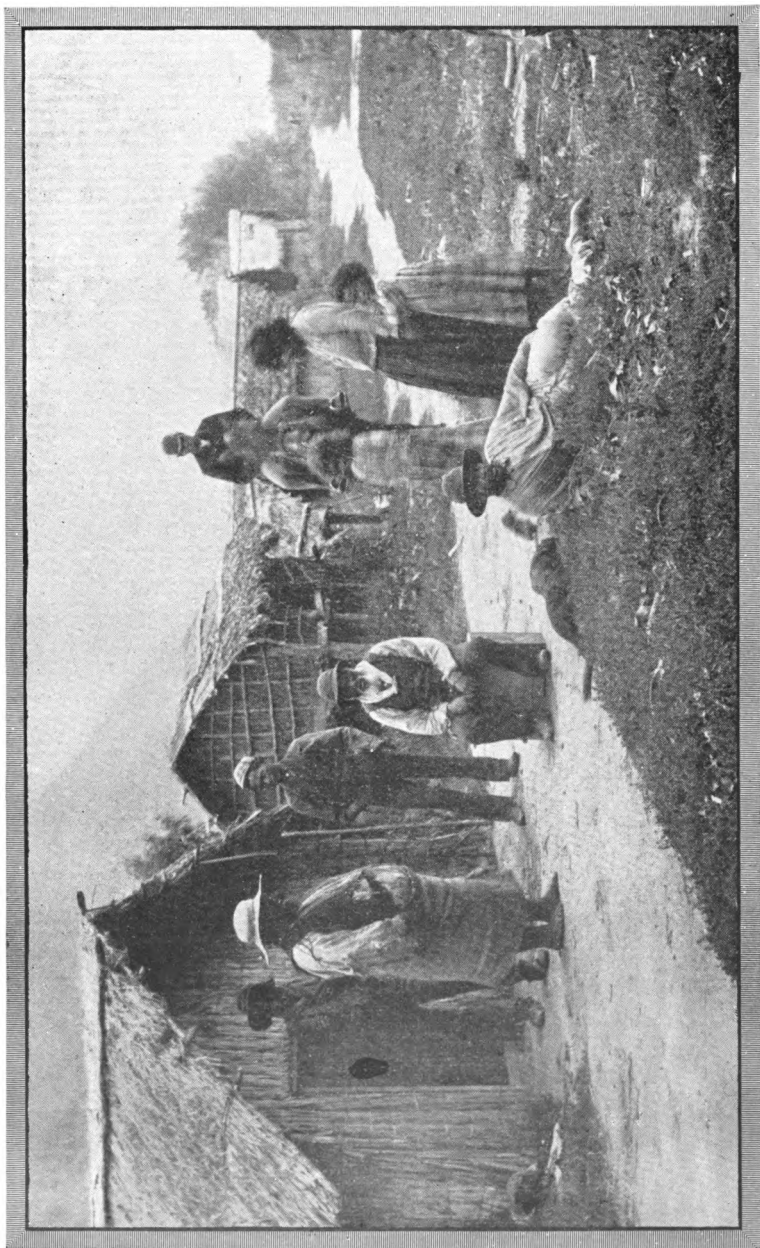
were far too few and small to let the great crowd away, so many climbed and tried to jump the fence, but in their great haste two or perhaps three of the unfortunate individuals were caught by their belts on some of the sharpened stakes, and held helplessly, kicking, struggling and screaming till some of the pakeha pit sawyers rescued them from their uncomfortable and undignified positions.

Tamati (a sketch).

I always associate Kaiwhaiki with a man named Tamati and peaches. Oh, for those good old days of peaches! Ripe and luscious, large and delicious; when one could purchase a large kit full and as many as one could eat for sixpence, and when even the pigs revelled and fattened on the same rich fruit.

In the summer of the early 80's it was our delight to make up week-end canoe parties and pole up the river as far as Kaiwhaiki, which was then a picturesque little settlement of thatched native whares and irregular fences, where there were acres and acres of wild cherries, plums and peaches. When the tide was right we would leave on the Saturday as soon as we knocked off work and get back with the Sunday night's tide. In those days fruit was everywhere and absolutely unsaleable; no blights, and no imported birds, nothing or nobody to worry the juicy crops but the boys, and they were quite incapable of dealing with the huge quantities that abounded all along the banks of the river. So it was quite easy and the usual thing to fill the canoe with as many kits as we could pack on.

Many of the older residents of Wanganui will no doubt remember Tamati of Kaiwhaiki, who was, without exaggeration, as round as a beer barrel, and whose avoirdupois was 30 stone, if it was a pound. He was always on the watch to see what he could honestly annex from the campers, by begging or bounce, or a mixture of the two that was generally successful in causing his unfortunate prey to stump up. I well remember him shooting across the river in his broken canoe, the stern of which was about level with the water when he was in it, and the nose high up in the air heavenwards. He would come across with a highly indignant air and order us off his property—all the river was his property according to his own idea. His English was not very perfect, and we always pretended we did not understand him, so in the end he would generally ask for "kai." "E noho—you stay, homai te kai give me; I let you take te peach, te pear, kapai, you give me plenty kai." As there



KAIWHAIKE & TAMATI, 1890.

was no possible way of getting rid of the old chap once he established himself, without feeding him up, we invariably gave him what we could spare, indeed, we usually came provided. I have actually seen the old fellow swallow a 4lb loaf of bread and a big stone jar of jam (the jam, not the stone jar), holding enough to last the six of us three days, at one sitting, and then, as he was scraping the jar, ask for more. Not only was Tamati a hungry man, but he was a thirsty individual also, and like most of the fraternity who have a fine discriminating taste for good liquor, the more he swallowed to satisfy his thirst the thirstier he became. Once or twice he paddled over the river to our tent as soon as he thought we were nicely settled for the night, tramped over our unfortunate bodies and wiped his muddy feet on our blankets and clothes, searching for the whisky bottle, which if it existed at all, was safely planted. This sort of thing no doubt contributed to the angelic slimness of his waist, if you call 120 inches or so by the word, we are wont to associate with fair maidens, sweethearts and the dreamy dance. He called it "puku," or rather "puku-nui." What that means I don't know, but it must be associated with girth or fat or something of that sort. I knew old Tamati very well. When he would see us coming up he would call "Hullo Touna, hullo boys; I see you. Wait a minute, I come. You got te rum?" Others knew him besides me. Once when he was in Stevenson's old store, the genial proprietor saw him lift a couple of pounds of butter and put them under his shawl. He was straight way invited into the office and placed before a fire, which was quickly brightened up for the occasion. Poor old Tamati had to own up and dub up as soon as the butter commenced to run down his legs; and he left the place, no doubt a sadder and a wiser man.

On our week-end trips Jim Adams used as a rule to take the steering paddle. He was a boilermaker at the foundry, and very short tempered, Jim had absolutely no time for Tamati on account of his feeding propensities, and many a row we had over squaring up the provision list. One night when we were camped under the peach trees it commenced to rain, and Adams woke us all up by swearing that Tamati was pelting stones at the tent, and sure enough we could hear them dashing against the stretched canvas. Jim went out in his shirt, vowing vengeance, but, of course, could see nothing in the dark, and he had to turn in again, wet to the skin, in a very amiable frame of mind. In the morning we found that the strone-throwing was simply explained. Every time the branches of the peach trees were stirred by the breeze down came some of

the fruit on to the tent. Jim was very sore on the matter of stone-throwing for many a day. Poor old Tamati; he has long since joined the feasters in Paradise. "Gone where the good niggers go," that is if he managed to squeeze through the narrow gates, which I very much doubt, when I think of the text that has something to say about the eye of a needle. He was always dressed the same. A torn singlet tied up in sundry places with string, which could never by any chance be induced to stretch across his well-oiled chest, and a pakeha sack or old shawl tied with a bit of flax round his "puku." I don't think he ever had a pair of trousers or a coat on in his life, for the simple reason that no such garments could be found that would go outside of his spacious proportions. But what did it matter; he was happy. He dressed as simply as his forefathers and feasted on pakeha jam at pakeha expense, which they never did. He knew how many beans make five, did Tamati. I still remember him coming out to me one day with tears in his eyes, asking for the loan of two pounds, as his sister had died at Waitotara, and he was bound to go to the tangi. He would give me his canoe, his pigs, his daughter, or someone else's, anything I wished as security, when he came back; if I could only help him do his duty to his tribe (tripe he called it), and his dead sister's relatives. As a special inducement, he wore in addition to his old sack a wreath of willow leaves as a token of sorrow, and I would have had a heart of iron to have refused. I saw him at the races the next day. He had apparently been thirsty again, and was too far gone to make any satisfactory explanation. But I learned that his "dead" sister was with him, and they both did their little bit in celebrating the tangi. However, it was the day that Rangipuhi, the Maori racehorse, won the Wanganui Cup, by a remarkably fine performance, so I suppose there was some excuse for both of them. That was the last of my hard-earned two pounds. As he had no pigs to give, and I objected to taking his or his friend's daughter, things were squared according to Tamati's notion; so I suppose I shall reap my reward some day. At any rate I should have known better—I really believe I know better now—but we all have our soft spots and surely there is some little excuse when fine peach-fed porkers and dark-eyed maidens are offered for two pounds.

Tunu-haere.

Exactly opposite Kai-whaiki can be seen a mass of earthworks on the hill top. This is Tunu-haere, vacated after the first Maori war, 1847, for the flat land across the river. Tier upon tier rise the

old ramparts, scarf and moat and terrace and wall. How many years of patient labour were expended in levelling the top, digging out the huge maioro, felling and dragging up the great trees for palissading, stone axes and wooden spades the only tools. A glance across the river: Golden hills, yellow with gorse. We think if we do not ask the question, "Is the Maori of to-day as energetic as was his forefather?" Prior to the incoming of the Britisher, a great deal of fighting took place at this pa. Many a time in the days that are past, the fire signal flashed its gleaming message of blood and pillage from pa to pa. Many a time the ancient war drum thundered forth its booming down to the river and along its quiet reaches. Many a time on these very hills, the excited yelling of the victor has mingled with the dying groan of the vanquished. Now all is hushed. Victor and vanquished are alike silent, for the place is tapu, and many a grave marks the spot where but a few years ago hundreds of warriors met together in council or sang their songs of defiance to the passing canoe.

Webb's Camp.

The little streamlet, Tunu-haere, at the foot of the hill is known to picknickers as Webb's Camp, because it was from here that Webb (the sculler) had his training camp prior to his great race, and from here he went forth to victory, and later on, to defeat. The championship course passes Tunu-haere and finishes near the late Mr H. V. Hammond's residence, about two miles lower down. The word Tunu-haere means to cook as you go.

About twelve generations ago a Wanganui man named Tu-whare moa took a Rangitikei lady to wife, and visiting her home one night after a prolonged absence, he detected voices in his whare, and by some words which he overheard, he concluded that his wife was unfaithful. Leaving one of his garments hanging outside of the house, to notify to the inmates his intentions, he travelled back to Wanganui carrying, no doubt, dark thoughts of vengeance in his heart and "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." Arrived at his Wanganui home he enlisted the sympathy of his people, borrowed a huge canoe known as Tau-whare-puru (the largest canoe that has ever been on the river), filled her with over 100 patriotic warriors from Pipiriki and set off down the river with all possible speed. Just above the quarries they captured a young girl who was a distant connection to the suspected wife; they killed her and cut out her heart or rather killed her by cutting out her heart, and at Tunu-haere they cooked and ate it (ceremoniously), and thus the place was named in memory

of the brave deed. Tunu: to roast; haere: to travel. The canoe was later on sunk to hide her, while the war party travelled overland to wreck their vengeance on the unfortunate Ngati Apa people. There are several places on the river named after this canoe. A bank just below the Tupapa rapid, the island at Maramara-totara, and a papa ledge below the Pipiriki wharf is said to be the canoe itself.

The valley below Tunu-haere was the northern boundary when the sale (?) of Wanganui took place in 1848. Over 80,000 acres for £1000—something less than 3d per acre.

Kai-araara, 8 Miles.

One and a half miles below Kai-whaiki we pass the earthworks of old Maketu's pa, Kai-araara (eat the travelli fish), on the right bank of the river. The cuts on this place are still visible from the river, but the shrill Haere-mai (come hither) of the old man is no longer heard; he was laid low by a pakeha's bullet many years ago.

Just before Upoko-ngaro is reached on the left bank, there can be seen the earthworks of Opiu. Eight generations ago a lady named Ira-nga-rangi dwelt here with her two brothers. Hearing that a party of strangers had arrived at Wanganui from the East Coast she resolved to entice them into her parlour. Accompanied by her brothers she paddled down the river and eventually arranged with the chief, in whose pa the strangers were staying, to allow one of his visitors to accompany her up the river. The chosen visitor could do nothing but comply, but as he felt somewhat uneasy, he bade farewell to his companions, in a saying which has since passed into a proverb: "Farewell; if I do not return after a night and a day I will be in the belly of Taikehu (one of the brothers), the home of the brave." His apprehensions came true, for his friends waited a day and a night and many days and many nights but he returned no more.

Upoko-ngaro 7 Miles.

When this cannibal lady died her head was cut off by her sorrowing friends and hid away up the stream that falls into the river at the settlement, consequently the place was called Upoko-ngaro—head hidden. So says tradition. We are inclined to think it was the architect of the little church, the unique spire of which will be an object of interest to all old world tourists, hiding his head, that gave name to the township.

Five miles from Wanganui, on the left bank, the earthworks of a pa can be noted from the river. In former days this was an impregnable fortress and as late as 1847 was held by rebel natives in the face of tremendous fire from soldiers and blue jackets. The great chief, Pehi Turoa, died here; a beautifully carved canoe was erected on the spot where he breathed his last, but in the assault mentioned above this unique carving was burnt either by accident or design.

Kai-matira, 4 Miles.

The Maori name, Kai-matira, is generally known as Sparrow Cliff. The Maori word means "A Sentinel." Formerly there was a pa here that was taken by the Ngati Apa of Rangitikei about five generations ago. Long before this a great war canoe was dragged to the top of this cliff and shot over into the river below in order to test its strength. It is said that the canoe dived and came up on the opposite side of the river and was thereupon despatched on a journey to the South Island—first of all to kill a giant cuttlefish and then on a foraging expedition which is said to have turned out a huge success from a "provision" point of view. The place obtained its name from a taniwha that used to be in the river below the cliff and was greatly dreaded by all and sundry, but about the year 1880 the river improvement body took it in hand to draw the animals teeth and incidentally made way with the creature himself.

According to the Maori all these log taniwha—usually totara—had power of transit; they could move from one place to another at will. They could also join themselves together should any pakeha or even Maori so far venture as to use an axe.

Aramoho.

Opposite Kai-matira was the original Aramoho pa. Some old natives affirm this word should be Ara-muhu. The story is that an old chief somewhat out of his mind, was lost in the heavy bush that once covered the flat at this place, in the days long past and gone. When his body was discovered some weeks later it was found that he had been wandering round and round in a circle. Hence the name.

Wanganui Railway Bridge, 2 Miles.

The Aramoho landing is less than two minutes' walk from the Aramoho railway station on the direct line from Wellington to New

Plymouth. Wanganui is on a branch line. Trams run every few minutes from Aramoho to Wanganui.

The railway bridge past, the Dublin Street bridge comes into view. A few minutes more and Messrs Hatrick and Co.'s wharf.

Immediately opposite the landing is Shakespeare Cliff, the Maori name for which is, or rather was, Taumaha-aute. Years ago, indeed shortly after the Maori came to New Zealand, a huge taniwha used to sport himself beneath this hill. He became the terror of the river on account of the evil habit he indulged in of capturing the canoes and swallowing the occupants as they journeyed to the mouth of the river to obtain their winter's supply of fish. A man named Aokehu was called upon to assist in slaying the monster and he devised means of killing Tutae-poroporo in the following manner. He hollowed out a sort of a box with a close-fitting lid, took his favourite knives and getting inside this affair was floated down stream by the ebb tide. As soon as the taniwha smelt the blood of a Maori, he rushed out from his hiding place and swallowed both box and Aokehu. Thereupon our Maori Jonah cut the lashings of his box and got out, and in a very few minutes the taniwha received such a disorganising of his internal arrangements that he gave up the ghost and the Wanganui people were troubled never again.

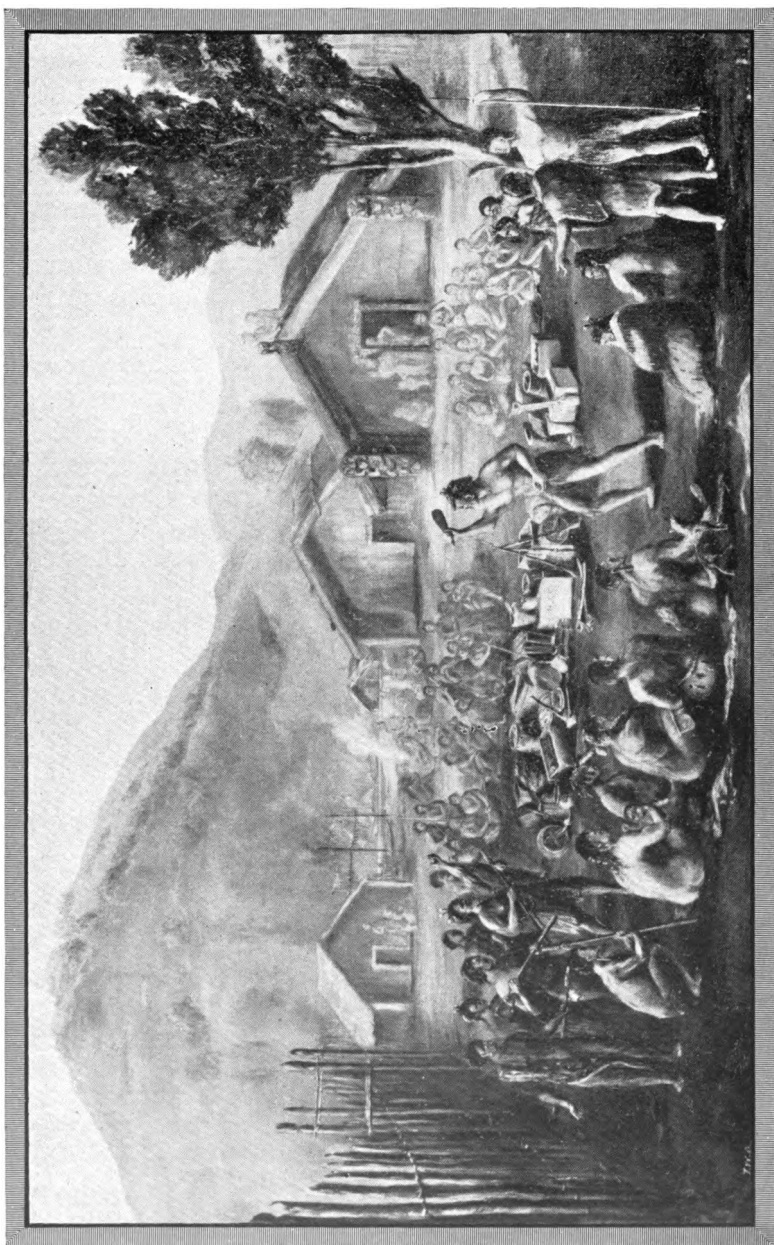
SALE OF WHANGANUI.

(As told by an old Maori.)

The following sketch of the sale of "Whanganui (as it should be spelt) may be of interest to the traveller who knows little of New Zealand history or the workings of that strange conglomeration of contradictions—the Maori mind:—

When first we heard that Europeans were likely to settle at Whanganui we were all pleased, for we had been told that the pakeha had plenty of muskets and gunpowder, and tomahawks, and blankets, and rum and tobacco, all of which things we were very anxious to obtain, but could not do so except through the Poneke or Kapiti people; but as we were at enmity with Te Rauparaha of Kapiti, and had to pass through his territory to reach Poneke, we of Whanganui had, up to this time, very few opportunities of acquiring these things.

We had only been to Kapiti once before this time on a trading expedition. Prior to the fall of Putiki (1829) we took seven canoes loaded with pigs and exchanged with Te Rauparaha for two kegs of powder, fourteen cannon balls, and a big gun that had been given to him by some of the whalers. When we reached home we set this



SALE OF WANGANUI, 1840.

gun up at the mouth of the Awarua stream, below Putiki, but when it was fired by Te Mawae, that chief burnt himself so badly by the back firing through the touch-hole that no one else would touch it, and it became rusty and useless. I have been told that it is now outside your Museum; how it came there I do not know.

When the chief of the pakeha, whom we called Tiraweke, first came to see us we were all very glad, for we thought that, being a very great chief from Engarani (England), he would give us plenty of rum and all the other things that we wanted for nothing, as Wiriamā the Mihinari (Williams the Missionary) had done when we wrote our names in his pukapuka a short time before (Treaty of Waitangi). Now we had heard that Tiraweke had bought a ship called the "Tori" (Tory) full of taonga (goods) to Poneke (Port Nicholson, now Wellington Harbour). Kuru had been there, and he had seen the ship and seen all the taonga, so we were anxious to treat Tiraweke as a great chief should be treated. We did not know the ways of the pakeha, but we thought that if we gave him plenty of taonga maori for his taonga pakeha he would be satisfied, and come again in a bigger ship with more rum and more taonga.

I did not see Tiraweke on his first visit. I was away up river, but I heard that Pehi, Te Anaua, Kuru, and others received him. They were all surprised that the Queen of Engarani should have sent such a young man to confer with our old men; but, of course, we did not know the ways of the pakeha. It was on this visit that our people first called the young chief Tiraweke, the name of the little bird you call the fantail. I have heard his real name was Era Weke (Edward Wakefield), but I do not know. You, son, who knew all these matters will know the name of your pakeha chief better than I. Well, Tiraweke presented our chiefs with a red blanket each, and he gave fish-hooks to the rest of the people. In return our people loaded him with mats, and he went back to Poneke, promising to come again with a ship full of taonga.

E Tama! I was only a young man in those days, but I well remember the "hoko" when Whanganui was sold to the Governor in 1848, and I also remember Tiraweke coming with his taonga on his second visit several years before that time. This second visit caused much ill-feeling among us Maori people, as Rangi-taurira and Kuru considered we had sold our land to the Europeans at that time, but all the rest of us held that it was simply a "homai-nomai," or gift for gift. Now listen, and I will tell you what happened, so that you can write it all down, and then both your children and mine will know what really took place.

The pakeha called the year 1840, and the kumara had been gathered in (autumn) when Tiraweke came up the river in Captain McGregor's ship that was called the "Surprise." He came right up the river, directed by Kuru, and anchored off the Purua Creek, just below Taumahaate, the place you call Shakespeare Cliff. After meeting our people, Tiraweke landed his taonga by canoes, and piled them in the Paikatore Pa, where the monument for Moutoa now stands. We watched and helped him as he arranged the taonga in a long row, and we all crowded round, anxious to examine the guns and see the strange things sent by the Queen to us by the hands of the young chief.

I do not remember all the taonga given us by Tiraweke, but there were some guns and red blankets, tobacco, pots, pipes, axes, fish-hooks, rum, and gunpowder, as well as other things that I did not know the names of or use for. I think it was very foolish of Tiraweke to give us guns and powder to shoot the pakeha with. Perhaps he thought we should be equally matched if ever we fought, and so gave the guns. If so, that was very brave of him. I do not know. You who understand all the ways of the pakeha, know why we were given guns, lead balls, and other fighting material.

With the exception of two three-legged iron pots, I do not know where any of those things are now. I suppose they are all lost. One of the cooking pots is at Karatia and the other at Ranana, up the river.

After all the taonga was landed, about forty of our chief men and a few of their women arranged themselves round the pile, leaving space for the speakers to move backwards and forwards when making their "korero."

Some of our people anticipated trouble, and left their mats behind so as to be free to fight; they also ordered Tiraweke and Makareka (McGregor) to go back to the ship lest they should be hurt; but instead of going these two climbed to the top of a wharepuni, so that they could see all that was to be seen and be quite safe. While they were retiring Pehi and some of the others tried to share out the taonga so that all the chiefs would get a fair division; but while they were doing this Kuru called out some pakeha words that I do not understand the meaning of, and all his men rushed to secure what they could by force. Directly it was seen what they were after, all the others joined in the scramble, and a free fight ensued. It was soon over. Some of the taonga were spoilt, and some of our people were severely hurt. Wiriamā and Tiki both had an arm broken, and Pehi and Kuru were hurt so badly that they

died a short time afterwards, but no one was killed outright. If any one had been killed we would not have made a return gift; we would have kept all the taonga as utu.

Kuru's people got four guns and other things, which they put into a canoe and set off up the river. Te Mawae got a small cask of tobacco. I, being only a young man and not able to fight like the rest, only obtained a striped shirt and four fish-hooks. The shirt was a good deal torn, but I sold it to Te Anaua for a bottle of rum.

Next day we arranged a great gift for Tiraweke—54 pigs, 200 baskets of potatoes, kumara, and other things—which we piled on the same spot where he landed his taonga, and after our chief men presented it we loaded his ship from our canoes. These things he took to Poneke, or perhaps to Engarani—I do not know.

Later on we heard that Tiraweke had bought Whanganui from us with his taonga. We were surprised to hear this, for we had no thought of a hoko ("sale") at the time, so when he sent a great number of pakeha here to occupy our lands we objected and drove them away. Then for five—seven—eight years we had a lot of talk, but we always finished up by saying we would not sell the land of our fathers to strangers; and then, as more pakeha were coming all the time, and making a kainga and building strong houses, we decided to fight and drive them into the sea. After a lot of fighting we killed two pakeha, and the pakeha killed two Maori. That made us square; so when the Governor said, "I will give you £1,000 for the land," we said "All right; you pay us the money in one hand, we will write our names with the other."

Then the pakeha read a "tuhituhi roa," and we all wrote in the pukapuka, after which Mitta Makareni (Mr McLean) gave us two hundred bags of money, with five pounds in silver in each bag (I think that he gave us the money in silver, because it looked a lot, but perhaps the Governor had no gold), and this money Hori Kingi divided out among us all. After that Te Mawae and some of the others made a "korero," and then, after all the talk was finished, the pakeha gave us five bags of flour and three bags of sugar to make stir-about, which we made in four canoes, and then had what you pakeha call "a big feed."

That finished the hoko. I got five shillings for my share, with which I got the waipiro, and then went back up the river. You pakeha got more than 80,000 acres of land and I got a drink; that very good business—yes, very good business—for you! Ah! you pakeha are all thieves. Why did you come here to take our land? You came up the river and gave us one fish-hook for 100 acres of

land. We did not want the fish-hook, but you were “nga tangata kaha”—strong men—and you made use of it. You came up the river and gave us one blanket for 1,000 acres land, and then you tore the blanket in half and got 2,000 acres. I say you are a thief, a tangata kino—a bad man. Only one good thing you gave the Maori—the waipiro—that the good thing. E hoa! you got the waipiro in the waka! Homai the waipiro! I gave you the long korero; you gave me the long beer—the rum—the whisky—anything. I very thirsty. Friend, good-bye!



MAORI PRONOUNCIATION: VOWEL SOUNDS.

A: as A in FAR.

E: as A in AIR.

I: as EE in FEET.

O: as O in POLE.

U: as OO in BOOT.

NG: a nasal sound as NG in RING.

WANGANUI.



THE Town and part of Wanganui occupy the lower six miles of the river of that name to its junction with the Tasman Sea. The population at last census (1921) was 21,418. It has a very considerable export trade.

The following is a statement for the year, showing the number of ships using the Port and their aggregate tonnage:—

Coastal Steamers.		Intercolonial Steamers.		Intercolonial Sailers.		Ocean Liners, Roadstead	
No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage	No.	Tonnage.
1737	373,122	20	21,360	9	4960.	16	173,750

The foregoing figures are for all vessels which have entered the Port of Wanganui during the year. The number of vessels and tonnage are calculated both ways (inwards and outwards), with the exception of ocean liners, and these are taken one way only.

PRIMARY PRODUCE

EXPORTS FROM WANGANUI DISTRICT.

SOME BIG FIGURES.

Further evidence of the fertility of the Wanganui district, if such is needed, is contained in the issue of the Government publication, Abstract of Statistics, for June.

In giving the value of the exports from the various districts for May, the publication credits this district with produce valued at £510,254. For the five months of the year ending May 31st, the exports were valued at £2,031,789, and for the twelve months ending the same month, the value of the primary produce exported was £4,298,433. The increase was nearly a million over the corresponding period the previous year, when the figures were £3,794,416.

Details of the value of the various classes of produce are given below :—

FOR FIVE MONTHS OF THIS YEAR.

	£
Butter -----	658,477
Cheese -----	353,093
Beef -----	153,892
Mutton -----	265,983
Lamb -----	145,655
Mutton and Lamb Joints -----	1,309
Wool -----	162,915
Hides -----	526
Sheepskins -----	23,871
Tallow -----	41,416
Timber -----	17,196

TWELVE MONTHS, MAY 31.

Butter -----	822,864
Cheese -----	605,073
Beef -----	237,392
Mutton -----	976,474
Lamb -----	407,719
Mutton and Lamb Joints -----	17,367
Wool -----	427,641
Hides -----	15,616
Sheepskins -----	149,139
Tallow -----	196,835
Timber -----	17,196

Wanganui is a bright, clean town, with all modern conveniences—electric trams, telephone; wide street often planted with standard Oaks, Limes, and other ornamental trees—it is a town of well kept parks, lawns, and gardens, with no slum area. Amongst its public buildings are branches of all the Government Departments, several Theatres, Municipal Opera House, Public Art Gallery, Museum, and Library. The stranger travelling down the river should not miss the opportunity of getting acquainted with this go-ahead, enterprising little city.

THE ART GALLERY

Is built of Oamaru Stone, surmounted by a dome conspicuous from all parts of the town; was built from a bequest of the Late Henry Sarjeant, and completed in 1919. It stands on the site of

the old Rutland Stockade, and is approached from Maria Place by a magnificent flight of steps, known as the Veterans' Steps. The steps are so named from the monument erected to commemorate the soldiers and sailors who fell during the Maori wars, and are flanked by a couple of old seige guns from the time of the Napoleonic Wars. The art collection, though not large, is good so far as it goes, and is well worth a visit. There is no charge for admission. On the opposite side of Maria Place stands another monument to commemorate the local contingent who served in the South African War. This is a granite obelisk, with bronze tablets in its massive base, recording the names of the local men who fell. Along side is a Krupp gun captured from the Boers.

THE MUSEUM

Which certainly deserves a visit, contains one of the best and most extensive ethnological Polynesian collections in the Dominion, and controlled since its inception, twenty-five years ago, by a local committee of enthusiasts, it is well managed. It houses the Suter (Henry Suter) collection of Mollusca—probably the best in the Southern Hemisphere. Here will be found an almost perfect collection of native birds, some now extinct, and many rare. These are well set up, and the special pride of the curator, Mr G. Shepherd. Amongst the very many exhibits of general interest, is the first organ brought to New Zealand by Archdeacon Williams in 1823; a cast of an ancient Tamil bell of very early date, found in the possession of the Maoris on our arrival—the cause of much speculation. Over the main door is hung a species of the largest Sunfish known; it measures 12ft 7in across. The buildings are extensive but too crowded, and will shortly make room for a modern, upto-date building, the cost of which has been provided by a bequest made by the late Miss Alexander, in commemoration of her late father. Mr R. Murdoch is the President of the Museum Trustees.

THE OBSERVATORY

A number of people interested in the study of astronomy, organised a society in Wanganui some years ago, and the outcome of their energy is an observatory, which is erected on an elevated site in Cook's Gardens. The members on the Society have been unselfish in their work and outsiders are admitted to the observatory on certain evenings for a small fee, when the director and his associates explain the observations made through the telescope. The observatory is a well-built structure, surmounted by a revolving

dome and radial shutter. The principle instrument in the building is a fine refracting telescope, by Cooke, of 9½ inches aperture, mounted on a massive equatorial and controlled by a powerful driving clock. This is provided with magnifying powers of from 35 to 1120 diameters. It has a Cooke micrometer and solar eye-pieces as well as spectroscopes for sun and star work. The observatory was opened in 1903 and since that date the promoters have interested themselves in both a popular and scientific programme. The principal scientific work carried out by the director, Mr. J. T. Ward and his associates, is the search for new double and multiple stars; observations of solar phenomena, spots and prominences; planetary detail, studies of the surfaces of Mars and Jupiter and the determination of the positions of comets. The results of these observations and the original discoveries of double stars have been published by the Union Observatory of the Cape of Good Hope, and the planetary and other observations have received recognition in the journals of the British Astronomical Association of which Mr. Ward is a member.

THE LIBRARY

A reference and lending library, together with a reading-room, is built in Ridgway Street. The institution has been recently taken over by the Borough Council and the work of extending the collection of books is in hand. The reference library is small but representative and authoritative works on classics, music, history, biography, philosophy, travel, etc., are included in the collection. The various Parliamentary publications, encyclopediae, newspaper files and standard English books of reference are also available in this department. The lending library contains the latest books, both popular and scholastic, and is widely patronised among the reading people of Wanganui. A recent bequest will shortly place the institution on an even more satisfactory footing, and when housed in a new building, the library will be equal to many of those in larger cities. The reading room contains the latest newspapers and periodicals from New Zealand and oversea centres.

BRIDGES

The river is bridged by three fine iron structures, connecting Eastown with the parent borough, amongst the longest and most costly of their kind in the Dominion.

The championship course above the town, has attracted hundreds of the young men of the town to the pleasures and advantages

of sculling. Many of the championships, including the world contest, won by W. Webb, have fallen to rowers trained on the Wanganui River. The world championships contested on the river have made Wanganui famous in all parts of the world, and the traditions of the earlier days of the clubs are guarded and reinforced by the present rowers.

PARKS AND GARDENS

In conjunction with the Beautifying Society, the Council has succeeded in gaining for Wanganui the name of "The Garden town of New Zealand." The Corporation is fortunate in the possession of many parks and reserves, and these have given the Beautifying Society and landscape gardener ample scope for the laying out of flower beds and the planting of trees and shrubs. Many of the residential streets are ornamented with trees on the sidewalk, and one very noticeable feature of Wanganui home life is the fact that every garden is well cared for.

Cook's Gardens is within two minutes' walk of the main street. Maria Place, Guyton and Ridgway Streets each lead to one of the various entrances. The gardens are the central sports grounds of Wanganui, and the basin-shaped reserve in the centre of the estate is arranged for football, cricket and hockey. This ground is surrounded by a running track which again is bordered by an asphalt cycling course. The sports ground is almost encircled by a natural grandstand, which will seat thousands of people. The Observatory is built near the entrance to the reserve. On the summit of the hill, which is included in the park, the fire brigade watch tower commands a view of the entire town, while near by is erected the South African War Memorial. This obelisk, rising from a mound of rough granite, stands as a memorial to the 278 men of the district who served in the South African campaign. Two extra tablets have been added to the obelisk, one as a memorial to the late Rt. Hon. R. J. Seddon, the other commemorating the coronation of His late Majesty King Edward VII. On the lower stretch of grass near the sports ground another monument is erected. This is to perpetuate the memory of the late W. H. Watt, a greatly esteemed pioneer settler in the town.

Virginia Lake and the land which surrounds it stand as an example in landscape gardening to the entire Dominion. Nature placed this expanse of water near the centre of the town (Great North Western Road), and the gardener has entered with his art and transformed it into a beautiful domain. The lake, irregular and winding in shape, is surrounded by shrub-covered slopes. On

a promontory, almost girded by water a band rotunda has been built, and in the calm of the summer evenings, concerts are given here by local musicians. The Virginia Lake is encircled by a path which traces its way between rose gardens and iris-studded levels, amid shrubs and trees, and for ever in sight of that beautiful expanse of water on which wild duck fly and float and where the majestic swan breaks the monotony of blue water. The lake and the park surrounding it are gazetted as a bird sanctuary.

The flowers and shrubs for the Borough parks are provided by the Municipal Nursery at the foot of St. John's Hill.

In the heart of the town are the Moutoa Gardens, above which the Supreme Court is built. This part is devoted to lawn and flowers, and is also made interesting by the fact that the John Ballance, Major Kemp and Moutoa monuments are erected on its slopes. Two water fountains add to the pleasure of the park, and the various trees afford welcome shade in the midst of the busy town.

Queen's Park, wherein the Art Gallery and Museum are situated, is formed on a rise to the north-east of the main street. Football and hockey, ever popular sports in every New Zealand town, are played on the recreation grounds at the corner of Guyton Street Extension and Hatrick Terrace. Victoria Park is another centre for the athletic enthusiasts of the town. Here cricket is the main attraction during the season. The park is situated on the summit of St. John's Hill and it is surrounded by a sheltering belt of trees.

THE ELEVATOR

The elevator tower on Durie Hill is Wanganui's sentinel. It is the grand symbol of the many modern ideas of which the town is the birthplace. To record its location is unnecessary, for the square white tower can be seen from every part of the town. This is the summit of Durie Hill and also the terminus of the elevator, which rises through the heart of the hill to a height of 282 feet above sea level. The entrance to the elevator is made through an underground tunnel which leads about half way through the hill. At the end of this there is an innocent looking elevator of the same type as those which whirl you up to a tea room or roof-garden. But this elevator has a more sober duty. It is the great connecting link between Wanganui town and the new garden suburb on Durie Hill. The elevator makes its way up through the hill, and, at last, the passengers step out on to a large expanse of land which is being speedily formed into a garden suburb. The great undulating coun-

try, commanding a view of the town, the river, and the distant sea, is to be converted into a suburb with specially laid-out roads and streets, and with a home farm, parks, playgrounds and shrubberies. The sections of land have been arranged so that all owners will have an equally fine view of the surrounding country.

Although the electric elevator is used for passenger traffic, there are excellent roads leading to this elevated suburb, and motors and carriages are constantly making their way up and down the hill.

The Wanganui East Esplanade has not been neglected by the enthusiasts of the Beautifying Society. This one-time uninteresting walk has been changed into a delightful esplanade, bordered by flowers, trees, and shrubs. The variety of the shrubs and palms makes the walk interesting from a horticulturist's point of view. Umbrella shrubs, acacia trees, bamboos, tree ferns and palms, together with a representative collection of Australian and New Zealand trees are growing in profusion on either side of the walk. The Matarawa stream is crossed on the way along the esplanade. The crossing is made by a recently erected bridge.

The Hipango and Matipo Parks are less cultivated than the other reserves in the district. The first-named is a wooded headland on the Wanganui River. It was given to the Corporation by Waata Hipango. The Matipo Park was the gift of the Matipo Land Company. It is a beautiful stretch of unbroken country with magnificent trees and native bush on its undulating slopes. The Peat Park is another gift to the town, with the special purpose of being made into a children's playground.

THE RACECOURSE.

The first Wanganui Race Meeting was held in 1848: a time when there were no newspapers and when the town and district were in the cradle days of civilisation. The meetings were promoted mainly by officers of H.M. Forces, and the original course included the present Cemetery and Recreation Ground. In 1874 the Club was formed, and from that date the organisation gradually developed, until it is now considered to be one of the most progressive and up-to-date Racing Clubs in the Dominion.

In addition to the appointments and apparatus, which are of the best, the surrounding grounds form a beautiful addition to the park area of the town. The grandstands include a new and handsome building, which compares favourably with those on any of the large courses abroad. To the rear of the main stand there is

a beautiful stretch of lawn made brilliant by large flower beds and an ornamental lake of artesian water. This lake is bridged across the middle and is rendered charming by swans and ducks which swam idly about on the surface. Summer houses and a memorial to the late Mr Freeman R. Jackson, who was responsible for a great deal of the success which has come to the Club, are erected on this grass level.

Until a short time ago the Wanganui Agricultural and Pastoral Association held its periodical shows in the race grounds, but that body is now to own its own show grounds, and a site in the Paul Estate has been chosen.

The recently opened Liverpool Trotting Course is another activity on the part of the racing enthusiasts. The course was named after His Excellency the Governor-General, during his visit in 1917.

AN EDUCATIONAL CENTRE.

Wanganui some day will be the Oxford of New Zealand. The Collegiate School, the Girls' College, and the Technical and State Schools place the town in a leading position as an educational centre for the Dominion. The State Schools and the Roman Catholic Institutions are conducted on the principles which rule in other parts of New Zealand, while the special school for young children is an example of the modern methods of instructing infants.

THE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

There is no institution of which the inhabitants are more proud than of the Collegiate School. Their pride is easily comprehended and shared by a visitor to the College. It has a curiously English air—the playing fields are spacious, the buildings are scattered over a wide area, and the mellowing influence of time is just appearing in the ivy by which several houses are partially covered. Schools in New Zealand have too often suffered from the economic spirit which inevitably pervades a young country. The trustees of the School have been unusually lavish in their generosity of building and field, and there is nothing to prevent Wanganui College from becoming a second Eton, for the headmaster (Dr. Marshall, himself a distinguished old boy of the school) and a very capable staff are building up scholastic and athletic traditions which will secure the permanence of a vigorous school spirit. There is some interest attaching to the history of the foundation and development of the College. Sir George Grey, the greatest educational benefactor of New Zealand, when Governor of the Colony,

set aside, with characteristic foresight, 250 acres of land for the purpose of maintaining a public school. At the time of the reservation of this area, the land was marshy, but the water receding has left the district fertile and extremely suitable for agricultural purposes.

The town of Wanganui developed so rapidly that the land soon became a town property, and it now supports a loan, from which the present school was built. The school grounds are about 43 acres in area, and they include football, and cricket grounds, tennis courts and golf links. The interior accommodation includes a Chemical Laboratory, a Library, a Museum, a Printing Press and a Swimming Bath.

Parts of the history of the School are commemorated in the names of the houses. Grey House, of course, is so called in honour of the distinguished statesman, while Selwyn House takes its name from Bishop Selwyn, who played so great a part in the early ecclesiastical history of the country and who was responsible in a great measure for the initial success of the institution. Hadfield House is the other completed residential building. The Wallis House, just handed over by the builders, will increase the accommodation considerably.

Perhaps the first monument to the ethical influence of the College is found in the Old Boys' Association, the members of which recently subscribed £5000 for the erection of a Chapel. This building stands as a record of the loyalty of those students whose love for the School did not end when they left its associations for the more serious duties of manhood.

THE TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

The Directors of the Technical College have, as their special duty, the training of students in art, science and handiwork. The present day demand for specialists in every trade has made the need for Technical Colleges a vital one, and this Wanganui College, which was one of the pioneer institutions of its kind in New Zealand, is one of the foremost in fitting men for success in the trades and professions. Elementary and advanced art, applied art, science, botany and biology, physics, commercial subjects, engineering, plumbing, painting, carpentering, dressmaking, and the usual subjects of the secondary school have their place on the syllabi of the College. Mr G. J. Park is Director.

GIRLS' COLLEGE.

The women of to-day are playing a more prominent part in national and social life than they did one hundred years ago, and the education of the young woman has consequently been modified until we have such fine institutions as Wanganui Girls' College, in which the wives of the next generation are trained to become physically and mentally capable of shouldering the duties of womanhood. The Girls' College, controlled by a Board of Governors, has shared the success which has come to all the Wanganui Educational Institutions.

WATERING PLACES.

Wanganui is fortunate in having a fine ocean beach at Castlecliff, where a summer township has been formed by people who seek the fresh sea air during the hottest months of the year. The settlement of specially designed residences, lying on the undulating acres to the rear of the beach overlook several miles of surf to which there is a constant stream of bathers.

The beach is within sight of the moles which stretch out into the sea like gleaming serpents. The huge breakers meet a long line of sparkling sand, and behind this there are slopes of low sand hills covered with waving grass. There is a kiosk on the beach, and as the roadway and tramlines run to the edge of the sand, transit presents no difficulties. The bathers are cared for by way of a modern bathing shed, which has been recently handed over by the builders.

Wanganui's watering places are not confined to Castlecliff, for at intervals up the coast there are clear, sandy beaches to which bathers retire during the summer months. Kai Iwi is one of the most popular of these beaches. The road leading to it is bordered by farm lands and beautiful homesteads. It bends around tree-shadowed corners and presents occasional glimpses of the ocean until at last the car turns a bend and the settlement of Kai Iwi is in sight. The township breathes an air of summer. The houses are built for the holiday months with their verandahs wide and roomy. The beach is banked by steep, grey cliffs, except where the bank dips to allow the Kai Iwi stream to flow into the ocean. Accommodation for swimmers is provided on the beach.

WANGANUI INDUSTRIES.

The main industrial work in the Wanganui District is the preparation of frozen meat, butter, and cheese for export. The vast outlying farm areas keep the Wanganui factories well supplied with

produce, and the freezing works at Castlecliff and Imlay are among the largest in New Zealand. The Castlecliff works are near to the mouth of the river, and lighters are used for transporting the frozen produce from the works to the overseas steamers which anchor in the roadstead. There are still large areas of timbered land in the surrounding country, and this is prepared for use in the local mills. There are also joinery works and brick kilns in the vicinity of the town. The Railway Department has established a workshop in the town, and this adds another important industry to the district. The Restar Road Preparation Company has its original plant in Wanganui, and the Spiral Steel Pipe Company has its works near to Gonville, a suburb of Wanganui. This manufacture of spiral steel pipes has a special significance in Wanganui, for the local Council was the first in New Zealand to use the special pipes for the carrying of its water supply from the Okehu River, eighteen miles distant from the town. Capital has been fully subscribed to erect modern up-to-date woollen mills.

There are two daily newspapers in Wanganui, and thus printing is added to the list of industries for the town. The papers are the "Chronicle" and the "Herald," published in the morning and evening respectively. There are several other printing plants in the town in addition to those of the newspaper companies.

A flour mill and biscuit factory afford a further occupation for a large number of workmen, and there is a pickle and sauce manufactory in the town area. All the minor industries are represented and the town of Wanganui is almost self-supporting in production of foodstuffs, wearing apparel and building materials.

Wanganui is an excellent centre for motoring expeditions. North and south the roads are good approaching Taranaki, generally tar-sealed, giving access to numerous places of historic and antiquarian interest. Here also will be found the richest butter and cheese producing country in the Dominion.

These extracts are from "The Wanganui Handbook" of 1920, by permission of His Worship the Mayor, Mr T. B. Williams.



The Wanganui

New Zealand's Scenic River

STAY AT BEAUTIFUL PIPIRIKI

Pipiriki House

This palatial new house, capable of accommodating 100 people, is appointed with every modern comfort and convenience, with electric light, hot and cold baths, and up-to-date sanitary arrangements. The main dining-room seats 120 guests, and the upper promenade balcony (130ft long) commands a magnificent view of the river and surrounding scenery, which is very fine, Pipiriki being situated in an amphitheatre of beautiful hills.

THE HOUSEBOAT (Favourite Stop-over)

Built specially for the accommodation of Tourists. Moored amid beautiful scenery at the confluence of the Ohura and Wanganui Rivers, 60 miles above Pipiriki. Within a few minutes' walk of the Ohura Falls. Large, well-furnished Dining-room, Social Hall, Smoking-room, Sleeping Accommodation, Promenade. All conveniences. Electric Light.

EVERY TOURIST should see the Houseboat and the magnificent river scenery between it and Pipiriki, the loveliest in New Zealand, the land of beauty. Good trout-fishing at Houseboat.

TO make this world-famed trip down-stream, start from Taumarunui, 54 miles by rail from Hangatiki. For time-tables, itineraries, etc., apply all TOURIST BUREAUX, COOK & SON, A. HATRICK AND CO., Wanganui and Taumarunui.

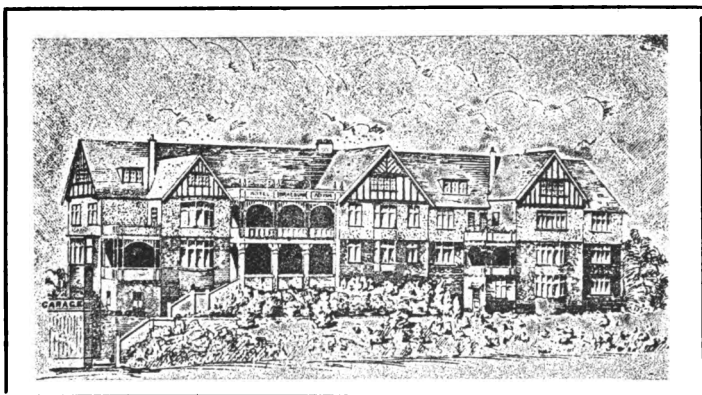
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